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VOL. II.

LONDON:
PRINTED AT THE
Minerva Press,
FOR WILLIAM LANE, LEADENHALL-STREET.

M.DCC.XCVIII.

249. s. 65.

Rose-Mount Castle.

CHAP. I.

THE HOVEL.

POOR Louiſa Conolly, who was the innocent cauſe of uneaſineſs between thoſe who were deareſt to her in the world, had not gone far on her ride when Richard, after many apologies, recommended a very diſtreſſed old couple as great objects of charity, the huſband being confined to a ſick-bed; he told her their cabin was not a quarter of a mile diſtant; if ſhe would condeſcend to

ſide that way, ſhe might convince herſelf of the truth of what he had taken the liberty to repreſent.

Louiſa, ever ready to relieve the wants of her fellow creatures, and to inform herſelf how ſhe could do it moſt eſſentially, ordered him to ſhew her the way. After croſſing an uncultivated heath, they came to a gloomy foreſt; and though Louiſa found that they had rid ſome miles inſtead of the quarter, ſhe imputed the deception of Richard to the zeal he had to ſerve the poor creatures to whom he was conducting her. Fearleſs and cheerful ſhe ſtill continued to follow her guide through the moſt intricate paths till he ſtopped at an hovel; for it did not deſerve a better name, the walls being of mud; the thatch was moſtly torn off, and a chaſm, deſtitute of caſement, was the only window to this wretched habitation, which ſo much

ſhocked

ſhocked the humanity of Louiſa, that ſhe determined to remove its miſerable inhabitants immediately to one more comfortable: pleaſed with this idea, ſhe alighted, and deſired Richard to keep near the Hovel; pulling off her hat, ſhe looked in at the lowly door, and ſaw a human figure covered with a ragged dirty rug, lying on withered fern; ſome pieces were hung before the uncouth window, and caſt a ſaddening ſhade on this abode of miſery, which was more enlightened by the feeble flaſhes of expiring weeds that had been kindled under a ſmall kettle, than by the ſun, though it ſhone with ſplendour.

Louiſa, approaching the bed of poverty and ſickneſs, gently aſked—

"Have you no one to take care of you?"

"Yes, my wife; ſhe is only gone to fetch in ſome weeds to boil the tatees."

Louiſa, who was already ſuffocated by the cloſeneſs of the hovel and the ſmoke of the weeds, ſaid—

"I will ſtay without the door till your wife comes, and then conſult with her about having you removed to a comfortable cabin."

As ſhe turned towards the entrance, a figure crept in at it more deplorably tremendous than any ſhe had ever beheld; it was a woman who, when ſhe ſtood upright in the low-roofed hovel, looked gigantic; a tattered cloak, that once had been red, was faſtened round her waiſt with ruſhes tied together and made ſomething like a petticoat, reaching only to her knees; ſhe had neither ſtockings nor ſhoes, and a bit of old rug, with holes torn in it to put her arms through, was faſtened over her ſhoulders with a thorn; her long black hair, among which

which the dead fern was intermixed, hung in rude diſorder about a face that was expreſſive only of ſcouling diſcontent; under one of her bare robuſt arms, ſhe held an heap of weeds, and under the other, a dead kid, which appeared to have been drowned, as the water dripped from it while the woman ſtood ſtaring at Louiſa, who was ſhocked at a figure ſo diſgraceful, not only to her ſex, but to humanity, and ſickened at the ſight of the kid, that was greatly ſwelled and covered with the green mantling of the lake, which, added to a diſagreeable ſtench, made her believe it was in a ſtate of putrifaction. She wiſhed to go into the air, and begged the woman to let her paſs; but, throwing the weeds down in a great hurry, ſhe drew the root of a tree, that ſerved for a ſtool, before the door, and placing herſelf on it, laid the dead kid at her feet. Louiſa, ſurpriſed at

this behaviour, called Richard as loud as ſhe was able; the woman, after a noiſy vulgar laugh, ſaid,

"Arrah, my pet, you may ſtand calling long enough before Dick Dogherty will hear you; the lad was forced to be after going a long mile to get a ſhoe to the foot of your horſe; and he bid me take care and not let you out till——"

The man, who had ſpoken before in the feeble accent of ſickneſs, now, bawling with a voice like thunder at the woman in the Iriſh dialect, ſtarted from the fern; alarmed at his voice, but much more at his figure, Louiſa was ready to ſink on the earth. The poor ſick old man, for ſuch ſhe imagined him to be, ſtood before her the picture of health and ſtrength in their moſt robuſt forms; he had on dirty boots, an horſe-man's coat, and a red handkerchief round his neck,

neck, with which his briſtly beard, buſhy hair, and prominent eye-brows, ſeemed to vie in colour; ſeeing Louiſa was frightened, he ſaid,

"And why can't you be eaſy now; ſit down on the bed, the devil a harm will happen to you?"

"Aye, ſit down and be eaſy," ſaid the woman, "my little jewel, till Blarney O'Slang ſkins this beaſt for me, that I may be after having a good meals meat of it."

"And where the devil was you finding of it, ſuch a carrion of a beaſt as it is?"

"Why, as ſure as I am Judy O'Slang, the crater had fell off the craig into the lake, and was after drowning itſelf for; me ſo I went in and pulled it out."

Blarney O'Slang threw off his coat, and hanging the kid upon a hook began to ſkin it. Poor Louiſa again entreated to ſtay

without the door till Richard came back, but Judy puſhed her away, and began to talk Iriſh to Blarney.

To be a priſoner in any place is diſagreeable, but in this it was dreadful; the appearance of her companions ſtruck her with inconceivable terror. She diſguiſed her fears as well as ſhe was able, and ſat ſilently on the dirty fern, anxiouſly liſtening for the horſes, hoping that Richard was not ſo great a villain as to betray her into the hands of thieves or murderers. Her fierce looking guards ſtill continued talking Iriſh, and by the glances they frequently caſt upon her, ſhe concluded that ſhe was the ſubject of their diſcourſe; and was too uneaſy, too apprehenſive to converſe with them herſelf, though ſhe longed to know if it was poſſible to provide in a decent manner for a couple who were now in the moſt abject ſtate of

of wretchedneſs, but whoſe minds ſhe feared were too depraved to be ſenſible of her bounty. While ſhe was ruminating, Blarney O'Slang prepared the kid; he then put on his coat, and looked out of the door. She heard the ſound of horſes feet; her heart fluttered with joy; ſhe flew towards the door, the man put her back rudely, ſaying,

"Stay, ſtay, Miſs, till I ſee if it is Teddy Maclochlan; for you don't be after ſtirring a ſtep till I ſee little Teddy."

The trembling Louiſa ſupported herſelf againſt the wall, till Blarney O'Slang crying out—"we're right, we're right; open the door, my boy,—we're ready;" catched her in his arms, and ran to a poſt-chaiſe and four, into which he put her, and got in himſelf; another ill-looking man was in the chaiſe. In vain ſhe ſhrieked and ſtruggled; they placed her between them, pulled up the blinds, and drove off at a furious rate.

CHAP. II.

AN UNPLEASANT JOURNEY.

THE men aſſured her, that if ſhe would be quiet and eaſy, they would not uſe her with ill-manners. She entreated them to tell her by what authority they acted in ſo forcible a manner, and where they were going to take her; ſhe offered them money; but neither entreaties nor bribes would induce them to ſpeak;—their ſilence appeared even worſe than threats. Thus obſtinately mute they continued for ſome miles, and only could be prevailed on to let down the blinds: the

the air and light a little revived her, but the ſituation baniſhed all hopes of a reſcue. They were croſſing a wild barren deſert, the ground ſo rocky and uneven, that it was with difficulty four fine horſes could drag the chaiſe over it. Juſt as they got to the end of this unfrequented road, and Louiſa was flattering herſelf with the hopes of gaining a more public one, they ſuddenly turned into a thick foreſt ſtill more loneſome than the way they had paſſed.

The carriage had not proceeded far into this gloomy foreſt, when one of the hind wheels, catching in the root of a tree, was torn off, and the chaiſe overturned with great violence. Miſs Conolly being luckily placed between Blarney O'Slang and Teddy Mac-lochlan, received only a ſlight ſhock from the accident.

Maclochlan ſoon got out and aſſiſted Louiſa, but O'Slang remained inſenſible for ſome time, having been ſtunned by a violent contuſion on the ſide of his head; and when they got him up, they found that his face was cut by the glaſs in a terrible manner; the blood poured ſo profuſely from his wounds, that his companions feared he would expire before they could procure the aſſiſtance of a ſurgeon.

Louiſa now beheld him with compaſſion; he was no longer an object of terror; and humanity urged her to relieve him. After her gentle hands had removed ſome pieces of glaſs from the wounds, ſhe bound her handkerchief tight over them to ſtop the bleeding, and giving him ſome drops to ſmell to while the poſtillions were examining the chaiſe, he recovered from his ſtupefaction, but continued in great pain.

The

The carriage was found to be ſo much damaged, that it was impoſſible to repair it upon the ſpot, ſo as to render it ſafe for any more than the lady to ride in it; as ſhe was no great weight, one of the poſtillions ſaid the wheel might be tied on tightly, and they could proceed with her, if Maclochlan would go on to the Leinſter Arms, and ſee if he could get a carriage, to which they would put their own horſes and ſet off again immediately; ſaying, that O'Slang, as they muſt go very ſlowly, could walk by the ſide and guard the lady.

Louiſa rejoiced to hear them mention an houſe, as there ſhe hoped to meet with ſomebody who would take compaſſion on her and effect her deliverance. She remained ſilent and patient while the men were arranging the ſhattered carriage; into which, when it was ready, ſhe ſtepped without expreſſing any

any fears for her ſafety, and felt herſelf very happy in being freed from her diſagreeable companions.

As the chaiſe moved ſlowly over the rugged road, Louiſa had time for reflection. She, like Lady Emily, could only ſuſpect Sir Dennis Malone; he had long and publicly paid his addreſſes to her, and his pride and vanity were hurt at finding himſelf her averſion; to what deſperate lengths revenge might carry him, ſhe trembled to think;—perhaps he meant to terrify her into a compliance with his wiſhes, and flattered himſelf that, after keeping her from Conolly Park for ſome time, ſhe would be glad to retrieve her character by returning to her friends as his wife. This ſhe imagined muſt be his deſign, and ſhe felt a ſecret ſatisfaction in forming a reſolution not only to treat him with the moſt contemptuous ſilence, but to refuſe

refuſe every kind of refreſhment that ſhould be offered to her: *this reſolution* ſhe knew her love for Villiers would give her courage to perſevere in ſo ſtrictly, that the mortified Baronet would be obliged to liberate her, or have her death to anſwer for; yet, though ſhe found a gloomy comfort in the thoughts of avenging herſelf, ſhe was reſolved to take every probable means of effecting her eſcape.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

BENEVOLENCE REWARDED.

THE poſtillions grew quite impatient at the ſlow heavy motion of the carriage, yet feared to endanger the lady by quickening their pace; one of them therefore propoſed going forward with a pair of the horſes and meeting them with another chaiſe, which, he ſaid, would be gaining time, as, when that was empty, they could drag it on as faſt as they pleaſed; the motion was approved of, and he ſet off accordingly.

Not

Not long after the horſes had been ſent on, Louiſa ſaw ſeveral genteel looking men, whom ſhe hoped they ſhould overtake. She kept her eyes fixed upon them, dreading leſt either they or the chaiſe would turn into ſome of the intricate windings of the foreſt; and that, had O'Slang ſeen them, might have been the caſe; but luckily he was on the other ſide, and ſo bound up, that he could not ſee at any great diſtance; and Louiſa, with beating heart, looked out as they drew ſlowly by them, and, to her great joy, diſcovered one of them to be Charles Ponſonby. She called to him in a voice of agitation and diſtreſs; he flew to the carriage, and expreſſed both ſurpriſe and delight when he beheld Miſs Conolly, who exclaimed in an agony of terror,

"Oh! Mr. Ponſonby, open the door and ſave me from miſery!"

He

He did not heſitate, and ſhe was in his arms before the poſt-boy could alarm O'Slang, who was walking on ſtupidly neglectful of his charge. Thus rouſed, he came round in a terrible fright; and immediately on ſeeing one whom he did not expect, drew a piſtol from under his coat and fired at Ponſonby; the balls paſſed through his hat, and ſlightly grazed his forehead. The report of the piſtol and the ſcreams of Louiſa brought thoſe who were walking with Ponſonby to his aſſiſtance, juſt as O'Slang was aiming another at his breaſt; they diſarmed the villain, and taking the cords that faſtened the wheel, they bound him and the poſt-boy to trees at ſome diſtance from each other, then threw over the chaiſe, and cutting the traces, turned the horſes looſe.

Louiſa told them that the other men were gone to the Leinſter Arms for another car-

carriage, and to avoid meeting them if poſſible; they therefore took an unfrequented foot-path with which they were well acquainted. She then informed Ponſonby of the events of the day, and entreated him to procure her ſome conveyance, horſe, cart, or any thing that would take her home; he told her that, as it was not ſafe to go to the Leinſter Arms, they had ſome miles to walk before it was poſſible to get a carriage. Louiſa was ſorry to hear that; for though ſhe felt happy in being freed from O'Slang, ſhe could not be inſenſible of the extreme aukwardneſs of her ſituation among men, *ſuch men* too, in a remote place, and the day declining, without knowing where ſhe ſhould find a ſhelter for the night: Lady Emily's fears upon her account ſhe knew muſt be very great if ſhe did not return; yet all the impropriety, all the inconvenience of her preſent

preſent ſtate, appeared happineſs and ſecurity, compared to that from which ſhe was reſcued. Charles Ponſonby had prevailed upon her to lean on his arm as the path was rugged, and behaved to her with the moſt reſpectful attention; while ſhe had every reaſon to be ſatisfied with the eaſy politeneſs and honeſt aſſurances of protection from his companions, who diſperſed at proper diſtances in order to give notice of a purſuit.

"And is there no houſe near us, Mr. Ponſonby, where I can get a chaiſe? I am very uneaſy at being ſo far from home."

"The Leinſter Arms is the *only* houſe where it will be the leaſt likely to get one, and to that you fear to venture; yet I will engage that we could protect you."

"No, Mr. Ponſonby, I have endangered your life once; I will run no hazards; yourſelf and friends are unarmed.

"It

"It is too far for you to walk to Mr. Freeman's; but if we ſend to inform him of your ſituation, he will immediately ſend a carriage to fetch you to his houſe: *there* you will be ſafe."

"Are we near Mr. Freeman's? how rejoiced I am to hear that!—I am not fatigued, I can walk to it, though it is far off; I cannot ſend; is Mrs. Freeman at this houſe?"

"She is, Miſs Conolly; but it is three miles diſtant to go round the back way; the front lies juſt beyond the Leinſter Arms."

"Three miles are nothing; if I find it late, I can ſtay all night at Mr. Freeman's with propriety. I am ſure they will forgive the intruſion when they know my diſtreſs. And now, Mr. Ponſonby, have the goodneſs to amuſe the way by giving me a little account of your proceedings and of the reception you had from that worthy man.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

A FATAL RESOLUTION OVERCOME BY GENEROSITY.

"OH, Miſs Conolly! in what a deſpicable light muſt I appear to you ſince that fatal night I entered your houſe, the accomplice of depredators!—it is true I did not know where they were leading me to; but that I ſuffered them to lead me, has been the error for which I ſhall ever execrate myſelf; was it not enough, that, deaf to the advice of your excellent father, I purſued with avidity the follies which allured me to ruin,

ruin,—but, like an infatuated wretch, I muſt attack his amiable daughter!—Oh! why, why were you all beneficence and compaſſion! why rather did you not order your ſervants to fire on the midnight ruffian the minute my ſacrilegious feet defiled the reſpectable manſion—once my happy home, to which I was ever welcomed with parental ſmiles and ſiſterly affection? Thoſe days of peace and innocence ruſhed on my mind—what I *had* been, and what I *was*; I felt the dreadful reverſe ſo ſeverely, that I would gladly have expiated my crimes by dying at your feet—the humble penitent victim of extravagance and guilt!

"When I quitted your houſe deſpair took full poſſeſſion of my ſoul; I appeared to myſelf a wretch, without a gleam of hope to cheer me in this world, or to guide me to the next! yet, amidſt this mental gloom, I formed

formed a reſolution that gave me a momentary relief; to obey you was all the reparation I could make; it would give your benevolent heart pleaſure to hear we had complied with your requeſt, and were become honeſt members of ſociety. With this view, I exerted all the little eloquence I was maſter of, to prevail on thoſe of our comrades who had not been at Conolly Park, to accompany us to America; and had the ſatisfaction to gain over a great majority to join in this honourable expedition, and a kind of negative promiſe from the reſt to come after us to Mr. Freeman's, if we could aſſure them that they ſhould be provided for: we ſhared the money your bounty beſtowed on us, and purchaſed what neceſſaries we ſtood in need of to make a decent appearance; I ſaw my companions eaſy and cheerful; but all comfort, all eaſe had forſaken me;—I had

diſgraced my name; I had rendered myſelf unworthy the eſteem of Miſs Conolly!—

"Dare I proceed? dare I confeſs the criminal deſign my diſtracted ſoul had formed? —pardon me, Heaven, for harbouring that deſperate idea, even for a moment!—my intention was, to go on board a veſſel, and when it was out at ſea and under full ſail, to terminate my inſupportable exiſtence by throwing myſelf overboard."

"It was but an intention, Mr. Ponſonby, dictated by deſpair; reaſon, I hope, aſſiſted by religion, has entirely baniſhed ſuch gloomy thoughts from your mind."

"Reaſon, religion, and Lord Claranbridge."

"Lord Claranbridge!"

"When we arrived at Mr. Freeman's, we were received by that truly philanthropic

gentleman like brothers, who, erring for awhile, were now returned to the paths of honour. He endeavoured, by the moſt friendly and affectionate behaviour, to reconcile us to ourſelves; and aſſured us that nothing ſhould be wanting on his ſide to promote our future proſperity and happineſs; and then, enquiring for me by my name, preſented me with that letter."

Louiſa read the Earl's kind letter with delight; and bleſt her Villiers who had not forgotten the unfortunate Ponſonby.

"When Mr. Freeman mentioned Lord Claranbridge, I recollected the title; he had been the intimate and valued friend of my father and General Conolly: the bluſh of conſcious unworthineſs crimſoned my face; I felt the glow, and, as my trembling hand broke the ſeal, I thought within myſelf, this flame of ſenſibility and ſhame will ſoon be

quenched for ever in the waves. I read it with aſtoniſhment; I turned to the ſuperſcription, and read it again; hope diſperſed the ſhades which had enveloped me, and I reflected on my intended ſuicide with horror; I was no longer a friendleſs deſpicable wretch; Lord Claranbridge called my errors the follies of youth; and not only forgave them, but promiſed me a friendſhip my father had long enjoyed. He had invited me to Roſemount;—was it poſſible!—perhaps I ſhould be ſo happy as to ſee Miſs Conolly there, to whom I owed the patronage of Mr. Freeman, and the kindneſs of the Earl. I ſhould thank you for your goodneſs to me: you might, perhaps, forget my crimes when you ſaw I had repented of them; and a mind ſo gentle as yours would ceaſe to deſpiſe me: therefore, previous to my leaving the kingdom, I reſolved to accept the Earl's invita-

tion; which reſolve was ſtrengthened when Mr. Freeman, calling me into another room, ſhewed me an order from Lord Claranbridge to pay me an hundred pounds, and each of my companions thirty pounds, to fit them out for their voyage. As it will be ſome time before the veſſels are ready to ſail, the conſiderate Mr. Freeman brought us to this villa; fearing that, if we ſtaid in Cork city, we might be tempted to go into company, and be again extravagant: here he has appointed a perſon to give us all the nautical inſtruction we ſtand in need of for our voyage; and we enjoy, in this charming retirement, greater felicity than ever we experienced in our moſt convivial ſocieties: our mornings are devoted to buſineſs or ſtudy, as inclinations or ability directs; our afternoon to rural excurſions, which to-day has been particularly fortunate, in giving us the

felicity

felicity of reſcuing our benefactreſs, whoſe health is drank every day accompanied by three cheers. To be inſtrumental to your relief, will give the ſincereſt joy to *all*; but to *me*, it gives rapture inexpreſſible: I ſhall no longer curſe the day of my birth, ſince I was born to reſcue and protect Miſs Conolly; and, had I loſt my life in her defence, I ſhould have died happy."

CHAP. V.

TERROR AND MORTIFICATION.

LOUISA now began to grow very much fatigued; her ſpirits, that were enlivened by her reſcue, no longer animated her; and ſhe was convinced that her ſtrength lay more in idea than in reality. She thanked Mr. Ponſonby for his obliging narrative, and was juſt going to tell him that ſhe muſt ſit down to reſt herſelf a little, when one of the men brought them word that a poſt-chaiſe and four, with two ſervants on horſeback, was ſwiftly

ſwiftly approaching. A purſuit was all Louiſa could think of; and the dread of being retaken, and ſeeing her protectors ſacrificed on her account, filled her ſoul with ſuch terror, that, ſinking from the arm of Ponſonby, ſhe fell ſenſeleſs to the ground. His conſternation at this accident was inexpreſſible; he took her in his arms, and rather *flew* than *ran* to convey her from the approaching chaiſe. When he had gained a more remote part of the foreſt, he ſat down on the graſs and ſupported her head on his boſom; her hat being troubleſome, as the feathers were high, he took it off, and gazed on her with terror and admiration, fearing the ſoul was fled for ever from the lovely form his trembling arm ſuſtained.

The carriage he had ſo anxiouſly ſought to avoid, turned ſuddenly towards them, and gave him no time to remove his inſen-

ſible charge, whom he thought would now inevitably be torn from him: he ſaw the gentleman who was in the chaiſe look earneſtly at them; but to his great joy, he paſſed without taking any further notice, which convinced Ponſonby that he was not the employer of O'Slang, as he certainly would not have miſſed an opportunity of taking Miſs Conolly from one who was unarmed, and who, being on foot, could not have overtaken ſo ſwift a conveyance.

Sir Lucius Amorville, for it was him who paſſed them, really ſpoke as he thought, in the account he gave at Roſe-Mount Caſtle, as he had no idea that Miſs Conolly had fainted.

Poor Charles, terrified at ſeeing her ſo long deprived of ſenſe, diſpatched one of his companions to Mr. Freeman to inform him of the circumſtance, as he was ſure, if ſhe recovered

recovered, which his fears made him doubt, ſhe would be too weak to walk the reſt of the way. He then recollected that ladies were ſeldom without ſome kind of eſſence in their pockets; he felt in hers, and luckily found a reſtorative that ſoon proved efficacious, and life once more animated the eyes of Louiſa, who, on recovering her ſenſes, felt very much confuſed at her ſituation: ſhe ſtarted from the ſupporting arm of Ponſonby with apparent horror, and coldly thanking him for his care, attempted to riſe; but found herſelf too enfeebled, and was forced again to accept the aſſiſtance ſhe ſeemed to diſdain. The humble Charles ſeverely felt the pang of being deſpiſed; and, bluſhing at his own unworthineſs, faulteringly ſaid,

"Do not, I entreat you, Miſs Conolly, refuſe the trifling aid your preſent ſitua-

tion requires, though it is offered by a wretch whoſe former conduct renders him unfit to approach you."

"Excuſe me, ſir; now I am come to my recollection, I am ſhocked at the ungrateful manner in which I repaid your kind attention to me; pardon my rudeneſs, and aſſure yourſelf, that I am truly ſenſible of the great obligations I am under to you, both for hazarding your life in reſcuing me, and for the trouble you have had with me ſince."

The wounded ſoul of Ponſonby was healed by this conciliating ſpeech; and he recovered his ſpirits as Louiſa endeavoured to repair her involuntary error, and reconcile him to himſelf, by regaining her uſual gentle politeneſs, in which her love for Villiers, and not ingratitude to Ponſonby, had occaſioned ſuch a lapſe.

Though

Though very unable, ſhe ſtrove to walk ſlowly on; and they ſoon had the happineſs of meeting the carriage, into which Mrs. Freeman had thrown herſelf as ſoon as it was ready, in order to give all the aſſiſtance in her power to the diſtreſſed Miſs Conolly, who wept for joy at ſeeing the excellent lady, and at receiving ſuch a delicate proof of her friendſhip. When Ponſonby put the ladies into the coach, he bowed humbly, and was retiring, but Mrs. Freeman deſired him to get in, ſaying, ſhe hoped he would have the goodneſs to protect them to Foreſt Hill: he complied with alacrity, and, at Louiſa's requeſt, gave that kind lady a particular account of the diſagreeable events of the day, as ſhe found herſelf too much indiſpoſed to talk, and indeed hardly able to ſupport herſelf in the carriage.

CHAP. VI.

THE MANSION OF HOSPITALITY.

ON their arrival at Foreſt Hill, Louiſa was received by Mr. Freeman with almoſt paternal affection; and he expreſſed his admiration of her conduct in regard to the Defenders, and the obligations ſhe had conferred on him by making him inſtrumental to their reformation, in ſuch ſincere and heart-felt terms, that Louiſa experienced a ſublimity of delight unknown to thoſe who live for themſelves alone.

Mrs.

Mrs. Freeman could not prevail on her to take any refreſhment except tea, as ſhe was very thirſty, and had not the leaſt appetite for a more ſolid repaſt; this ſhe ſaid was her breakfaſt, not having taſted any thing ſince ſhe aroſe. Finding herſelf too much diſordered to enjoy converſation, ſhe ſoon retired, but did not obtain the repoſe her delicate ſtate of health required after ſuch a day of terror and fatigue: her ſhort ſlumbers were diſturbed by frightful dreams; again ſhe was a priſoner in the wretched hovel, ſuffocated with the ſmoke, and ſick at the ſight of the kid, which, half raw, the man and woman were eating for their dinner: when they had ſatisfied themſelves, ſhe thought the woman dragged her to it, and threatened to kill her with a ruſty knife that ſhe graſped in her hand, if ſhe did not eat ſome of it: overcome by the offenſive ſmell,

and

and terrified at her danger, ſhe awakened in an agony; and it was ſome time before ſhe could recover her bewildered ſenſes.

In another ſhort doſe, Ponſonby and his companions were murdered; ſhe ſaw them bleeding on the ground, and fled over thorns and nettles, or waded through the ſwamps, purſued by creatures ſtill more terrific than thoſe of the hovel; they ſeized hold of her hair as it flew behind her, and pulled her down; ſhe ſtruggled to free herſelf from the ſwampy ground; ſhe catched at the briars which grew at the ſide; they gave way, and ſhe ſunk deeper ſtill! the wretches laughed loudly at her diſtreſs, and the laugh awakened her: ſhe ſtarted up in her bed; it was day-light; her lips were parched; her head ached violently; ſhe dared not lie down; ſhe dreaded to cloſe her eyes.

When

When ſhe heard the ſervants ſtirring, ſhe rang the bell, and deſired to have ſome milk and water. Mrs. Freeman ſoon came in to ſee her; and, on finding her ſo ill, ſent immediately for their apothecary, who ſaid the fever that appeared ſo alarming at preſent, would go off entirely, if ſhe could get into an eaſy ſleep; to promote which, he would ſend her a medicine to take directly. It had the deſired effect; ſhe ſlept comfortably for ſome hours; her head was better, but ſhe was too weak and low to think of getting up; yet, as ſhe hoped to be well enough to bear the journey the next day, ſhe would not ſend to Lady Emily, not knowing whether ſhe was at Conolly Park or Roſe-Mount.

The good Mrs. Freeman ſtaid in Louiſa's room all day, and watched over her with the tenderneſs of a mother: ſhe was able to ſit

up

up to tea; and, though ſorry to deprive the gentlemen of Mrs. Freeman's company, owned that ſhe found great comfort in her converſation, which was ſenſible and entertaining.

Having ſlept in the day, ſhe did not go to bed very early, and a ſecond medicine procured her a very good night; ſhe lay till late in the morning, but aroſe ſo much recovered, that ſhe was able to go down to dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman were happy to ſee her able to partake of a repaſt; which, in this manſion of hoſpitality, was indeed the feaſt of reaſon to thoſe who knew that the remains of their elegant, their ſubſtantial dinners, were every morning diſtributed to the neighbouring poor; not with oſtentatious parade, but with that ſilent delicacy which ever diſtinguiſhes

tinſhues the gifts of *liberality* from thoſe of *pride.*

Mr. Freeman, whoſe extenſive mercantile knowledge was embelliſhed by a liberal education, and a taſte for the *belle lettres*, was one of the moſt inſtructive and entertaining companions in the world.

And, though the weeds of folly and diſſipation had for a time covered the flowers of learning and honour that early bloomed in the mind of Charles Ponſonby, they had not *deſtroyed* them; and when repentance cultivated the ſoil, the flowers again diſplayed their beauties, and opened into perfection beneath the animating warmth of friendſhip and benevolence; though modeſt and unaſſuming, he could join in converſation on the moſt learned and elegant topics with unembarraſſed fluency and nervous reaſoning; for, added to a retentive memory, he poſſeſſed

poſſeſſed a ſufficient knowledge of the world to diſcriminate with judgment.

Miſs Conolly and Mrs. Freeman were happy in the company of two gentlemen who were above thinking, that women were only to be entertained with frivolous ſubjects.

Mr. Freeman, who always thought the ladies graced his table, and gave a brilliant vivacity to the diſcourſe, never would permit them to quit it when his parties were ſelect; and when they were large, *his* preſence, though the ladies were retired, always corrected the licentious tongue, and rendered his dinner hall the temple of hilarity, not the den of Circe. A profuſion of excellent wines adorned his board; but his gueſts were thoſe who wiſhed to *enliven* not *ſtupify* themſelves, and who were ambitious to ſhine, not as the beſt drinkers, but as the

beſt

beſt ſpeakers in the company. Mr. Freeman did not deſire to *ſave* his *wine*; he would give it by dozens to reſtore health to the ſick, or to cheer the heart of old age; his deſire was to *ſave* his *fellow-creatures* from the diſgrace of a temporary idiotiſm or lunacy—to ſave them from the laughter of *fools* and the contempt of the *wiſe*.

Louiſa propoſed ſetting out early the next morning for Roſe-Mount Caſtle, as ſhe thought it would be ſafer for her to reſide there for ſome time, than to return to Conolly Park. Mr. and Mrs. Freeman and Mr. Ponſonby were to accompany her. Full of gratitude for their kindneſs, and delighted with the hopes of a ſecond happy meeting with her Villiers, who ſhe was certain muſt have been greatly alarmed for her, ſhe went to reſt cheerful and eaſy, after having ſpent a very agreeable evening. But

poor

poor Mr. Freeman was attacked in the night with ſo ſevere a fit of the gout, to which he was ſubject, that he was unable to take the journey he intended; and, though he ſaid all that he could think of, to induce Mrs. Freeman to accompany Miſs Conolly, ſhe was too good a wife to let even politeneſs make her *offer* to quit Mr. Freeman in ſuch a ſituation. Louiſa felt greatly diſappointed; yet, though no lady was more ſenſible of the rules of propriety, or more obſervant in keeping of them, than ſhe was; in a caſe of neceſſity ſhe could riſe above forms; and, conſcious of the rectitude of her own heart, made no ſcruple of truſting herſelf once more to the protection of the humble and brave Ponſonby, rather than delay giving her friends the ſatisfaction of ſeeing her in ſafety after ſuch an unexpected abſence. The chaiſe was therefore ordered, inſtead of the

coach,

coach, and three of Mr. Freeman's ſervants, well armed, to attend them; two were to return with the chaiſe, the other and his own horſe, which he ſaid would grow idle while he was laid up, he deſired Mr. Ponſonby would keep during his ſtay at Roſe-Mount.

"Oblige me ſo far," ſaid the conſiderate gentleman, "as to appear there like my ſon; and believe me, my dear fellow, I ſhould be happy if you were ſo in reality. I have loſt two fine boys and a girl;—I have no nephews: conſult with Lord Claranbridge; and, if mercantile affairs are agreeable to your inclinations, I will give you all the inſtructions neceſſary, and a ſhare of the extenſive traffic I have carried on for many years with credit."

Ponſonby replied with his native humility, that he muſt prove himſelf deſerving ſuch

ſuch a confidence by years of unblemiſhed probity and ſtrict rectitude of conduct, before he could dare to accept of it.

Louiſa took an affectionate leave of her kind friends, and ſincerely regretted the cauſe that prevented them from accompanying her to Roſe-Mount.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

A PATHETIC RETROSPECT, AND A DISAGREEABLE RECEPTION.

IF Charles Ponſonby could exult in the pleaſing hope of being preſented to Louiſa by Lord Claranbridge as the ſon of his friend, how much more was he elated by the thought of being preſented to Lord Claranbridge by Louiſa herſelf as her protector; a title, to him far dearer and more glorious than the higheſt a monarch could confer.—He *loved Louiſa.* The night he entered her houſe, he thought her the loveliest

lieſt creature he had ever beheld; and the gentleneſs of her manners, the humanity of her conduct, convinced him her perfect form contained a ſoul as perfect; and, that he had rendered himſelf deſpicable in the eyes of the only woman whoſe regard he would have given worlds to obtain, drove him to deſpair: propitious fate had ordained him to deliver her from an alarming ſituation; he received her thanks. Her warm expreſſions of gratitude, and her flattering recollection of his attention to her when a child, aſſured him that ſhe did not *hate him*:—ſhe would think of him, perhaps, when he was far away, as of one not totally unworthy her friendſhip; it was all he dared to hope for; and he found himſelf *ſoothed*, not *elated*, by her behaviour.

Louiſa was in remarkable ſpirits; ſhe was going to De Rouſillon; ſhe ſhould ſoon be

be ſurrounded by friends, rejoicing in her ſafety. She had been the means of providing in an honourable manner for men whoſe neceſſities more than inclinations had kept them in a ſtate obnoxious to civil ſociety; from that ſtate too, ſhe had drawn the friend of her childhood, the amiable youth her father loved; and whoſe aſſiduities and almoſt filial affection to her mother, made an early impreſſion on her mind; for often had ſhe ſeen him draw the ſmile of approbation from thoſe lips that were too ſoon cloſed by death, as he gently ſuited his ſteps to the ſlow feeble ones of declining health, and ſupported on his arm the beautiful but fragile form of a parent, whom ſhe could never think of without tenderneſs and ſorrow; and whoſe loſs ſhe moſt ſeverely felt, as it at once baniſhed her from her home, her father, and Charles Ponſonby, whom ſhe

had always regarded as a brother: ſhe enquired after him, when the General came to her convent to take her to Belvoir; and when ſhe heard that poor Charles had diſobliged her father by his imprudence, ſhe wept for his errors; and thought, if her mother had lived, their houſe would have been his home, and he could not have got into bad company. She now flattered herſelf, that the ſpirits of parents, whoſe memory ſhe reverenced, muſt behold her conduct, in regard to their once-loved Charles Ponſonby, with approbation and pleaſure.

Thus reconciled to themſelves, Ponſonby and Louiſa were agreeable companions to each other; nor did they find the way from Foreſt-Hill to Roſe-Mount tedious, as they only ſtopped on the road to change horſes.

Louiſa's heart beat with joy when ſhe ſaw the white towers; and then thought the chaiſe

chaiſe would never get up the hill to the gate of the Caſtle, her impatience was ſo great to throw herſelf into the arms of its inhabitants.

Philippine and Villiers, watchful of every carriage, were at a window and ſaw them alight; they ſaw Louiſa accept the offered arm of her companion, who exactly anſwered the deſcription Sir Lucius had given; fury flaſhed in the eyes of Villiers, and he wildly exclaimed—

"Damnation! can it be poſſible!—Sir Lucius is right; and I am wretch, deceived, forſaken! Fickle, inſulting woman! to bring him *here*, to glory in her levity!—Reſent it, Philippine! reſent a conduct ſo cruel to your brother—ſo diſgraceful to your friend!"

Saying this, he ruſhed out of the room, and down a pair of back ſtairs that led him a contrary way to that by which they were to enter.

Lady Philippine ſtood motionleſs, not knowing whether ſhe ought to meet Louiſa, or follow her frantic brother, whom ſhe ſaw did not return to his own apartment, though he had juſt ſat down to have his hair dreſſed when ſhe called him to look at the chaiſe, and had it all looſe about his ſhoulders. While ſhe was forming a thouſand conjectures, falſe as they were rapid, a ſervant came to inform her Miſs Conolly was come. Lord Claranbridge, who had alſo ſeen them alight, ſent immediately to inform his niece: ſhe went down *reluctantly*, for the firſt time ſince ſhe had known her, to meet Louiſa; who, feeling no embarraſſment at the ſight of Philippine, flew to her with all the ardour of true friendſhip, but found herſelf received with the moſt reſerved gravity. She was aſtoniſhed; the Earl and Counteſs had met her with their accuſtomed politeneſs, and when

ſhe

ſhe introduced Mr. Ponſonby to them, they behaved in ſo courteous a manner, that it diſſipated the confuſion he felt on account of his paſt life. Lady Philippine came in before ſhe had time to tell them how much ſhe was obliged to him; and now ſhe was ſo diſconcerted ſhe could ſcarce give utterance to theſe few words:—

"Dear Philippine, why this coldneſs? this ſtrange gravity, ſo very unlike yourſelf?"

"It is *you*, Louiſa, who have ceaſed to be like yourſelf;—who have deſtroyed, in a few days, the friendſhip of years,—and acted unworthy the name of Conolly, or the friend of Philippine."

"Hold, miſtaken lady," ſaid the glowing Ponſonby, "nor ſuppoſe for a moment that Miſs Conolly can diſgrace her name; when

you have heard her ſtory, you will be ſorry that you have judged ſo illiberally."

"You, who are the hero of that ſtory, ought certainly to ſtand forth the champion of her character."

"You are too haſty, Philippine; I ſee no right that *you* have to reſent the conduct of Louiſa."

"Excuſe me, my Lord, I feel myſelf an injured perſon,—injured in the moſt delicate point."

"Capricious girl! when ſhe was away, you vindicated her with ardour, and now ſhe is returned, you are the firſt to condemn her."

"Becauſe ſhe has returned in a manner that convinces me of her duplicity."

Poor Louiſa was ſo ſhocked at this diſagreeable and unexpected reception, that her

her tears rendered her incapable of interrupting a converſation that was incomprehenſible; while the amazed Ponſonby regarded her with ſuch ſilent yet expreſſive tenderneſs, that Lady Philippine, who had not heard who he was, beheld him with deteſtation, as the ſeducer of her friend, and the deſtroyer of her brother's happineſs.

CHAP. VIII.

AN EMBARRASSING MISTAKE.

WHEN Louiſa had recovered herſelf a little, ſhe went to Lady Philippine, and, taking her hand, ſaid,

"Dear Lady Philippine, I cannot bear your indifference; it wounds me to the heart: have you known me ſo long,—known every emotion of that heart ſince my childhood—and can you now, unheard, condemn me? believe me, when you have heard all that I have ſuffered, you will pity me, and be

be ſorry for the unkind reception that you have given me."

"My dear Ma'am, Philippine has made a ſerious affair of what, I think, ought to be a matter of indifference to us all: you have certainly deviated greatly from that delicacy, that nice propriety of conduct for which you were eſteemed and admired by all who knew you: but you are entirely miſtreſs of yourſelf; no one, in my opinion, has a right to *controul* or *reproach* you."

"Your words, my Lord, more than Lady Philippine's, throw a ſuſpicion of ſome error in my conduct of which I am perfectly undeſerving; a ſuſpicion, I ſhould have hoped the whole tenor of my life would have exempted me from. I muſt have been injured in your opinion by ſome *falſe report*; I will not deſire to hear what it is; till, by an unreſerved recital of all that has happened

to me ſince the morning I left my home, I have cleared myſelf from injurious aſperſions."

"You have already cleared yourſelf in part, Madam, by your appearance at Roſe-Mount Caſtle, which I am ſure you could not have entered in a diſhonourable character: and, though I think your elopement was unneceſſary, and the preference that you have given to this young man, inconſiderate and haſty, I hope his future behaviour will not diſgrace his *own* reſpectable name, or injure the character or peace of General Conolly's daughter by her connection with him. Do not look ſo abaſhed Madam, though *you* ſeem to have forfeited the friendſhip of Lady Philippine; *I* have promiſed mine to Ponſonby: and you may find content in the narrow bounds of your paternal eſtate; if, ſurfeited with a life of diſſipation,

your

huſband can confine himſelf to rural amuſements and conjugal felicity."

It is impoſſible to expreſs the different ſenſations of Louiſa and Ponſonby at this ſpeech; ſhe ſhrunk with horror at the title of *her huſband* being given to any but Villiers De Rouſillon: yet, though ſhe gloried in a flame that even his ſuppoſed death could not extinguiſh, prudence bid her conceal it from his uncle: afraid, therefore, of declaring her real ſentiments, ſhe remained in ſilent confuſion, while her bluſhes and her downcaſt eyes confirmed the Earl in his opinion.

Ponſonby felt a thouſand flattering hopes and fears: "rural amuſements and conjugal felicity," ſhared with Louiſa, preſented the bliſs of paradiſe to his imagination; and rapture ſparkled in his eyes as they glanced on the lovely object of his wiſhes: and, a ſtran-

ger to the real ſtate of her mind, he was flattered by emotions which, had he known their cauſe, would have chilled him with deſpair.

Lady Philippine was more exaſperated againſt the rival of her brother, when ſhe heard he was that Ponſonby, in whoſe favour he had ſo warmly intereſted himſelf, than ſhe had been before.

Louiſa's preſence of mind ſoon returned to her aid; ſhe ſaid,

"I have no other way to clear up the very great miſtake that I find my unfortunate abſence has occaſioned, than to entreat your Lordſhip's attention for a very little while; and, as I am ſure you will not doubt my veracity, I can eaſily *prove* that I am not unworthy the friendſhip of Lady Philippine or your Lordſhip's protection; for, to ſolicit *that* I came to Roſe-Mount, not thinking

ing it was ſafe to return to Conolly Park, after having been ſo forcibly conveyed from it. I was reſcued from ruffians by Mr. Ponſonby, who is *here* in conſequence of your Lordſhip's invitation; and how *I* came to be with him, and *alone*, I can eaſily explain. Terror, fatigue, and illneſs, have weakened my ſpirits, and your unkindneſs, my Philippine, will oppreſs them quite: aſſure yourſelf, that I am returned your own *unaltered* Louiſa Conolly."

"Convince me of *that*, and I will gladly confeſs my error, and aſk your forgiveneſs."

"It is unlucky," ſaid the Counteſs, "that Lady Emily is at Conolly Park; but I will ſend one of the men for your ſervants and clothes, Miſs Conolly, and to let her Ladyſhip know that you are here, that ſhe may haſten back to Roſe-Mount."

"Your Ladyſhip is very kind; but will Lord Claranbridge have the goodneſs to grant me his protection?"

"With pleaſure, my dear Louiſa, ſince you have not ran away wilfully to ſeek the protection of any body elſe: I long to hear your ſtory; but will poſtpone my curioſity till Villiers is here, who has been very anxious about his little ſiſter: go with Philippine and agreeably ſurpriſe him."

"He is dreſſing moſt likely," ſaid the Counteſs; "therefore, if Louiſa pleaſes, ſhe ſhall give us her adventures with the deſert; ſhe will then be refreſhed; and Sir Dennis Malone and Sir Lucius, who have been partakers in our various conjectures, and may have formed falſe opinions, will hear the eclairciſſement."

"You are right, my dear; as Miſs Connolly's elopement has been public, her vindication

dication ought to be ſo too. Do not let this miſtake embarraſs you, Mr. Ponſonby; you are heartily welcome to Roſe-Mount on your own account; and, if you have bravely reſcued this lady from any danger, you will be doubly ſo to us all; and, when you know the cauſe of our ſuſpicions, you will not wonder at them: my ſervant ſhall attend you to your apartments."

Louiſa, though ſhe wiſhed to have the explanation over, was not ſorry for the poſtponement. They now ſeparated to dreſs; and Lady Philippine ſent Dorothy to aſſiſt Louiſa, and ſupply her with every change ſhe ſtood in need of; but ſhe could not be prevailed on to make any alteration in her dreſs, though ſhe knew her habit was improper: her ſpirits were depreſſed, and ſhe went into the garden in hopes the air would enliven her.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

MELANCHOLY REFLECTIONS.

"AND is this the meeting I anticipated with ſo much pleaſure," ſaid Louiſa to herſelf: "am I never to be happy at Roſemount!—here I wept the death of Villiers; and am I here to weep his indifference!—if he believes me falſe,—if he has caught the prejudice againſt me, that has ſo unaccountably miſled his family—how can I ſupport myſelf if he too receives me with the chilling look of contempt!—tears will diſcover the

the feelings of my heart, or I ſhall ſink to the ground oppreſſed with unutterable anguiſh. Oh, Villiers! my generous Villiers! can you ſuppoſe for a moment that your Louiſa can act derogatory to the profeſſions ſhe has ſo long gloried in? yet, could I have thought my friend would have wounded my ſoul by ſuch unkindneſs!—cruel Philippine! you have unnerved me more than the terrific figures in the hovel;—you make me fear to meet my Villiers: I tremble with apprehenſion like a guilty coward. Merciful Heaven! do I deſerve ſuch repeated afflictions?—what have I done?—was I too much elated at ſeeing De Rouſillon alive,—at hearing him renew his vows of love, which are ſtill, *ſtill* contrary to the wiſhes of his family. Oh! if I have been too vain, too ſelfiſh, it is fit I ſhould be puniſhed—perhaps more ſeverely,—more—no, it is impoſſible

impoſſible, Villiers loves me too well to ſuſpect me of infidelity."

During theſe uneaſy reflections, ſhe had wandered into the weſtern garden, and a proſpect opened to her view, that ſhe had long beheld with an expanſion of ſoul that made it ſeem too narrowly confined in its little manſion, and anxious to fly with her unbounded thought, to ſeek De Rouſillon—firſt, in the well remembered and much regretted environs of his paternal villas,—and ſince, in the regions of bliſs; while it fluttered with the pleaſing expectation of being united to him for ever.

Now ſhe re-traced her favourite paths, and gazed on the proſpect with very different ſenſations: her thoughts no longer flew over the wide Atlantic in ſearch of a diſtant lover: nor were they devoutly turned to heaven, petitioning to join the ſpirit of him

him for whom alone ſhe had wiſhed to live. At every movement of a leaf, at every daſh of the tide againſt the rock, her heart beat with the hope of ſeeing him near her, and ſhrunk, ſad and diſappointed, when ſhe found herſelf deceived. Paſſing through an arch formed by the rock, ſhe ſtood on the ſand, ſo wrapt in thought, that ſhe ſcarce perceived her feet were waſhed by the ſea, as it rolled gently towards them, though her eyes were apparently fixed on its rimpled ſurface, till ſhe was rouſed from her reverie by the wild exclamation of—

" Oh, Heaven, I have lived too long!—why did I not periſh with my father! Louiſa has deſtroyed my peace; her cruel hand has transfixed my too fond, too ſuſceptible heart with a barbed arrow that will torture me for ever!—I will not, cannot bear it;—treacherous deceiver!"

Louiſa,

Louiſa, who from the firſt word had beheld her Villiers bending over the extremity of the rock under which ſhe ſtood, his hair flying without a ribbon, his arms folded, and his looks expreſſive of the agonizing fury that raged in his mind, ſhrieked ſo violently at the apprehenſion of ſeeing him plunge into the ſea, over which he ſo dangerouſly hung, that he turned haſtily, and, to his great ſurpriſe, ſaw the object of his thoughts hurrying, with uplifted hands, and with her eyes fixed upon himſelf, into the waves; alarmed at the danger he ſaw her ruſhing into; every thought but that of ſaving her was forgot; and, not daring to loſe time, he jumped off the point, and caught her in his arms, breathleſs with terror; ſhe had not loſt her ſenſes, though for ſome moments ſpeech and motion were ſuſpended; her looks expreſſed her joy at his ſafety

ſafety, and her thanks for his tender care, as he bore her to the neareſt grotto, and ſeated her on a couch of moſs.

He regarded her with a mixture of love and deſpair, dreading to break a ſilence that ſeemed the paſe of miſery; he read love in her looks; but her tongue would confirm his fears, and declare her the wife of another!

The pleaſure Louiſa felt at having an opportunity of ſpeaking to Villiers without witneſſes, had diſſipated all her anxiety.

"Why did you call me cruel, my Villiers, why treacherous? how have I deſerved theſe epithets?"

"Have you not forſaken me?—are you not the wife of—I do not know who—the man you eloped to?—and is this hand no longer mine?—how could you dare to falſify

ſify thoſe promiſes you have ſo often made *to me?*"

"How rather can *you*, miſtaken Villiers! dare to aſk that queſtion of one who has ſo openly confeſſed her love for *you* ever ſince ſhe was of an age to diſtinguiſh merit?"

"Louiſa, why do you talk of what is paſt? you thought me dead, and therefore, beſtowed your affections on another: I dare not accuſe for *that*; I know you had a right —but why did you deceive me at my return?"

"*I* did *not* deceive you; you are ungenerous to doubt my veracity, to believe me falſe to my vows."

"Did you not go away; did you not—periſh the wretch who has robbed me of all the treaſure I had left—of my Louiſa's love! he ſhall not live to boaſt of it; I will deſtroy him for the theft."

"Hold

"Hold, De Rouſilon! whom will you deſtroy?"

"Him whom you have brought to toy with before my face; you will lean on his boſom as you did in the foreſt."

"Ah! who told you that I leaned on his boſom?"

"Sir Lucius Amorville, who paſſed by and ſaw you."

"The myſtery is explained, and I forgive your ſuſpicions; appearances were certainly againſt me."

"Appearances! *realities*, Louiſa; were you not happy with him, and forgetful of your vows to me?"

"No, my Villiers, I was not *happy* unleſs a total ſuſpenſion of the faculties can be called a ſtate of happineſs.—Sit down calmly and hear me."

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

AN EXPLANATION.

LOUISA, after ſhe had given Villiers a ſlight but ſatisfactory ſketch of what had happened, ſaid,

"Do not look grave, my Lord; I cannot wonder at your behaviour, nor at Lady Philippine's; you had great reaſon to ſuſpect me."

"Dear Louiſa, can you forgive me?—I ought to have doubted every thing rather than your love: but my ſufferings muſt expiate

expiate my fault. Oh! had you ſeen my agonies,—my ſleepleſs nights,—my diſtracted days! had you ſeen how I was tormented by the fears of Lord and Lady Claranbridge, leſt I ſhould leave the Caſtle to purſue you; and, by my own fears for you, you muſt have thought me deſerving of your pity: but in this paroxyſm of jealouſy, my ſoul has been tortured,—racked by pangs, ſo new, ſo intolerable;—oh, my Louiſa! they prove how dear, how *very dear* you are to me: even now I envy Ponſonby his bliſs—of reſcuing, and protecting you at the hazard of his life; why was that tranſport denied to me? why was I not there to ſnatch you from danger."

"Hark! I hear Lady Philippine calling you; let us meet her."

They quitted the grotto, and Villiers anſwered his ſiſter, whom they ſoon met,

and ſhe was agreeably ſurpriſed to ſee him as much tranſported with joy, as he had been diſtracted with jealouſy and deſpair a little while before; but, their dreſs immediately catching her eyes, ſhe exclaimed—"Mercy on me! where have you been? were you ſo regardleſs of your way, that you have walked up to your knees in the ſea?"

They had been too much occupied with their intereſting diſcourſe to think of their wet habiliments; and, at Lady Philippine's exclamation, looked on each other with aſtoniſhment.

"Tell me, my Louiſa, what motive impelled you to ruſh ſo terrified towards the ſea, when I ſo fortunately catched you from inevitable danger?"

"Your diſordered looks, your wild expreſſions, and dangerous ſituation, alarmed me; I feared that you were going to throw yourſelf

yourſelf from the point, and ran forward determined to *ſave* or periſh with you."

Villiers, preſſing Louiſa to his boſom, thanked her moſt ardently for this additional proof of her affection; and then gave his ſiſter an account of what had paſſed ſince he parted from her ſo abruptly on the arrival of Louiſa.

"Upon my word you are a moſt romantic couple; when I have not any thing elſe to amuſe me, I will write a novel, and make you the hero and heroine of the piece. If we meet any body, what excuſe can we make for the wet condition you are both in? what probable lie ſhall I invent for you? I have no very great talent at an extempore falſhood; therefore for heaven's ſake make haſte into your own room, or you will not be dreſſed by dinner; and our curioſity is ſo ſharp ſet for the deſert *Louiſa* is to treat

us with, that the courſes will be hurried. You, brother, like a ſelfiſh glutton, have devoured a great part by way of luncheon; but I fancy it has not cloyed your appetite; you will enjoy the remainder without ſatiety. And now, *Miſs Louiſa*, pray to me in an humble pretty manner for the clothes you were ſo proud as to refuſe juſt now;—will you have them, or go to bed?"

"I will accept any thing of my own dear Philippine; but I did not chooſe to be obligated to that ſtrange ill-natured lady whom I met at my arrival."

"Oh, the pride of conſcious innocence! well, I will forgive you, and ſend Dorothy once more with the things you deſpiſed."

Louiſa and De Rouſillon were dreſſed by the laſt dinner bell, and entered the ſaloon with a cheerfulneſs, of which Lady Philippine only knew the cauſe; Ponſonby was there;

there; and the two Baronets came in immediately after. Villiers, whoſe jealouſy was at an end, ſhook hands with Mr. Ponſonby in the moſt friendly manner, ſaying,

"My dear ſir, you claim the gratitude and affection of all Miſs Conolly's friends for bravely reſcuing her at the hazard of your life; thoſe are enviable marks, Mr. Ponſonby, and I ſincerely rejoice they were not more dangerous wounds."

Lady Philippine expreſſed her thanks in the warmeſt terms, and politely apologized for the rude reception ſhe gave him and Miſs Conolly, which ſhe aſſured him was cauſed by a miſtake, which, after dinner would be cleared up.

Sir Lucius, who, as ſoon as he ſaw Ponſonby, recollected the ſcene in the foreſt, ſaid to him,

"I congratulate you, Sir, on your happineſs; to be the favourite of the ladies, and the envy of the men is, in my opinion, a very deſirable ſituation; don't you think ſo, Sir Dennis?"

He turned careleſſly on his heel, and looked full at the Baronet, whoſe face was crimſoned with indignation, and whoſe eyes flaſhed with fury as he bent them on Ponſonby; while, biting his lips, he ſeemed to ſwell with a paſſion he endeavoured to ſtifle; not daring to truſt himſelf with words, leſt he ſhould betray emotions his pride was afraid to confeſs, he turned to a window that was near him, and continued a ſullen taciturnity, which thoſe who knew his attachment to Miſs Conolly, imputed to jealouſy. The Earl and Counteſs, who greatly pitied him, kindly ſtrove to relieve his mind by converſing at dinner on the moſt general and

lively

lively ſubjects, in which they were ably ſupported by all at the table except Louiſa, who was too much diſconcerted by the menacing looks of the angry Baronet, to retain the ſpirits with which ſhe entered the room; and, when Lord Claranbridge claimed her promiſed recital, ſhe could ſcarce collect her thoughts ſufficiently to expreſs herſelf with the perſpicuity ſhe wiſhed, and in which, if unembarraſſed, ſhe excelled moſt of her ſex: unfortunately ſhe was ſeated oppoſite Sir Dennis, who fixed his eyes on her, as if on purpoſe to intimidate.

Sir Lucius, with his uſual non-chalance, ſat picking his fine teeth, and admiring their beauty, with a thoughtleſs attention, in the mirror of his tooth-pick caſe; or, recovering himſelf, with an affected ſigh languiſhingly gazed on Lady Philippine, as if no other

object in the room was worth attending to.

Moſt ſincerely did poor Louiſa wiſh that Sir Dennis was employed in the ſame manner. She, however, notwithſtanding his rudeneſs, acquitted herſelf with her accuſtomed grace, and intereſted her hearers for her, in every ſituation ſhe pathetically deſcribed.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

VAGUE CONJECTURES.

"THAT vile hovel, and its ſtill viler inhabitants," exclaimed Lord Claranbridge, "ſhall be ſought for; and rewards offered for the apprehending of Richard who trepanned her ſo artfully to it;—a wretch to play on her humanity only to betray her!"

"Let no time be loſt, my Lord; for through thoſe wretched accomplices, we muſt trace their daſtardly employer."

"And, after we have found him, aſſure yourſelf, Villiers, that he will turn out nothing better than a mean neceſſitous fellow; ſome raſcally fortune-hunter, who, to ſave his infamous neck, has ſkulked behind danger, till his more daring tools, for the ſake of a promiſed reward, ventured to put the lady into his hands,—perhaps on board ſome veſſel juſt ready to quit the kingdom."

"I am of your Lordſhip's opinion," ſaid Ponſonby; "no gentleman would truſt a lady to the care of ſuch miſcreants. If Miſs Conolly was the treaſure he wiſhed to obtain, he could not have been ſo negligent of her: if her fortune only was his object, it is no wonder he was indifferent to the terrors and inſults he expoſed her to."

"I wiſh he was here; whoever he is, he is a ſcoundrel; the ſervants ſhould whip him through the horſe-pond."

"He

"He will ſoon be diſcovered, my Lord," ſaid Sir Lucius, "he has employed ſo many vulgar emiſſaries, ſome of them will betray him for another reward. I am extremely concerned, Miſs Conolly, for alarming you ſo much; you will forgive me I hope, as you know it was not intentional: forgive me alſo for making a report to your prejudice: I ſaw *you*; I ſaw your ſituation. When I returned to Roſe-Mount, I found the family alarmed at your abſence, and immediately concluded that the gentleman I had ſeen you with, was the happy object of your choice, *with* whom, or *to* whom you had eloped. I ſwear, by heaven! if I had had the leaſt idea that you were fainting, I would have flown to your aſſiſtance, and brought you ſafe to the Caſtle in my carriage, if you would have permitted me to have had that honour."

offered hand of Sir Dennis; Lady Malone will be ſafe from every baſe deſigner.

"Conſider well what I have ſaid, Louiſa; do not laugh with Philippine at a fault which your unkindneſs has cauſed; and remember that your own ſecurity renders an immediate marriage abſolutely neceſſary: no longer give me reaſon to accuſe you of folly, by throwing away from you every advantage that the vaineſt of your ſex can wiſh for."

Saying this, the Earl quitted the room, without giving Louiſa time to reply. When he had ſhut the door, ſhe aroſe from her chair, and ſilently walked to a window to conceal her unhappineſs.

Villiers had reddened with vexation at his Uncle's ſo obſtinately perſiſting to ſolicit for his favourite, and dreaded the effect his long ſpeech would have on the mind of Louiſa; he ſaw her change colour ſeveral times;

times; he ſaw her lips tremble, and the tears gently roll down her cheeks; he longed to relieve her, yet knew his uncle too well to take the liberty of interrupting him. When he was gone, he went to her and ſaid,

"It is a fine evening, Miſs Conolly; perhaps a walk will be more agreeable than ſtaying in the houſe; I know my aunt and ſiſter love walking."

"Certainly we do in fine weather; come, Louiſa, I have a great deal to ſhew you, and a great deal to contrive, in which I ſhall want your aſſiſtance."

"Philippine and Villiers you are both inconſiderate; Miſs Conolly has been ill you know; run no hazard of taking cold, my dear Louiſa, to pleaſe this boy and girl; we will ſtay in the houſe, if it is more agreeable to you, or return to it the minute you feel yourſelf the leaſt fatigued."

"Your Ladyſhip is very kind. I think the walk will be good for me; and I am ſure it will be agreeable.

"Yes, yes, illneſs, diſcontent, and melancholy are all to be baniſhed from Roſe-Mount Caſtle; I am going to make it the abode of feſtivity: the elegant taſte of Sir Lucius, and my *own*, have been exerted for ſome time to forward the preparations: as to poor Sir Dennis, he wandered about with Villiers, ſad and ſilent; and if your elopement had not chagrined me as much as it did him, I ſhould have endeavoured to have laughed him out of his gloomineſs. When firſt we told him of your abſence, he was ſure Sir Lucius had ſtolen his treaſure, and *we* believed it, till he came and cleared himſelf."

"Upon my ſoul I ſhould think it too much trouble to carry off any woman, ex-

cuſe

cuſe me, Miſs Conolly, who had not given me a marked preference. I will deliver any *kind* pretty creature from the tyranny of a rigid father, mercenary guardian, or croſs aunt; I will combat a legion of devils for one who *loves* me; but never will I encumber myſelf with a ſullen ill-natured girl that only force gives into my poſſeſſion; who will hear my vows of love with cold contempt, and anſwer my fond queſtions with ſighs and tears. Curſe me if I will ever confine myſelf in a chaiſe with ſuch an *indifferent*, though ſhe is as beautiful as Venus, and as rich as the mines of Golconda."

"Well ſaid, Sir Lucius," exclaimed Philippine; "I admire your ſpirit. I would give half my fortune this minute if I knew who it was that differs from you ſo much, as to cauſe our Louiſa to be carried off by ſuch horrid wretches. You

muſt

muſt be cautious, my dear, not to venture out unguarded; truſt no more to one ſervant, leſt this inviſible Pluto ſhould take into his diabolical head to come himſelf or ſend his imps a ſecond time, to fetch our Proſerpine.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

GENEROSITY, GRATITUDE, AND FIDELITY.

THE Earl of Claranbridge now joined them in the garden; and, taking Ponſonby by the arm, drew him apart from the reſt, and converſed with him in the moſt affectionate and familiar manner; while Charles, his heart expanding with gratitude, and above deceit, gave the Earl an undiſguiſed and intereſting ſketch of his life; dwelling pathetically on the deſpondency of his mind before he received his Lordſhip's letter;

letter; and deſcribing the happy effects it inſtantaneouſly produced with ſuch grateful animation, that the delighted Earl, beholding him as one whom he had ſnatched from deſtruction, felt all the ſelf-approbation a truly liberal mind can experience on ſuch an occaſion; ſaid to him,

"Dear Ponſonby, do not leave the kingdom; conſult your inclinations, and depend upon being enabled to follow them without reſtraint."

"Such errors, my Lord, have diſgraced my name, that it is fit I ſhould bury myſelf in oblivion for the future—ſelf-baniſhed from my native land. I will endeavour, by a life of honeſt induſtry, to expiate my folly; happy in the reflection, that thoſe who have generouſly afforded me their protection, and ſupplied me with the means of extricating myſelf from vice, will not deſpiſe me for the

paſt.

paſt. Mr. Freeman will inſtruct me how to traffic in America; and I hope I ſhall turn your Lordſhip's bounty to ſuch advantage, that it will keep me above want."

"I ſent you that trifle, my dear Charles, to ſupply your wardrobe, not to eſtabliſh your credit as a merchant; poor indeed would be your profit on ſo ſmall a ſtock. However, as we have got a friend in Mr. Freeman, he will put us in a method to encreaſe a larger ſum; we will conſult him on the buſineſs: you ſhall trade for me; I do not like to wrap my talent in a napkin, when it will increaſe by circulation: but I am indolent; you ſhall take all the trouble of turning a certain ſum to the moſt advantage for me; and we ſhall ſee what intereſt it will produce in a few years. But, my dear lad, do not enter into any way of life that is not perfectly agreeable to yourſelf; if you

prefer

prefer the army, a commiſſion ſhall be yours immediately, and your introduction ſhall be honourable:—conſider well before you fix deciſively."

Ponſonby was penetrated with the delicate generoſity of his noble patron, who prevented his acknowledgments by directing his eyes to a fine view that opened on them at the turn of the walk: Lord Claranbridge was too proud of his caſtle and its environs to neglect pointing out all the beauties to one who had never been there before; and he was greatly delighted at the warm expreſſions of admiration beſtowed on them by Ponſonby, who was enchanted with the variety that ſo gracefully contraſted the ſcenes around him.

The Earl and Ponſonby, perfectly pleaſed with each other, rejoined the company, and the converſation became general; good-humour

mour harmonized the whole group; not one had a wiſh beyond the bounds of Roſe-Mount, except Lady Philippine, who, under the appearance of gaiety, concealed thoſe uneaſy ſenſations that wound the boſom of affection in the abſence of its *beſt* beloved; yet, though all her tender thoughts we fixed on William Fitzroy, ſhe could divert herſelf with the *tendreſſe*, either pretended or real, of any faſhionable or agreeable man; even Lord Bendwall and Sir Roderic O'Connor afforded her amuſement. And now Sir Lucius, who thought himſelf happy at preſent in having no competitor for her love, entertained both her and Lady Claranbridge by giving full ſcope to his talents as a lover and *Belle Eſprit*.

The abſence of Sir Dennis was a great relief to Louiſa and Villiers, who had frequent uninterrupted minutes of converſation, that com-

compenſated for all the terrors they had ſo recently ſuffered.

Lady Emily Fitzroy arrived late in the evening, and was rejoiced to ſee her amiable friend. After the firſt ſalutations, ſhe ſaid,

"My dear Louiſa, you muſt ſhew yourſelf to Norah and O'Donnel; the firſt has never ceaſed weeping; and poor James has wandered about night and day in ſearch of you, denying himſelf food and reſt: I never ſaw a grateful attachment more faithfully adhered to in my life; yeſterday they were inconſolable at ſeeing your horſe and that the groom rode, brought home by a peaſant, who found them with their ſaddles on, grazing in a meadow of Lord Roſtrevor's. Their being found without their riders, was a freſh cauſe for conſternation to myſelf and the whole houſe; but the diſtreſs of Norah and James was ſo new and pathetic, that I could not

not give vent to my own grief for endeavouring to pacify theirs: they wept over your horſe, and careſſed it as all that was dear to them, now they had loſt their poor lady; they aſked it a thouſand queſtions; and as if they thought it would be endued with ſpeech if they ſtaid by it, I had great difficulty to perſuade them to quit the ſtable; and to day, when the ſervant arrived with the welcome news of your ſafety, their joy was as extravagant; it was well your clothes were packed up ready, for I am ſure Norah would not have known one thing from another."

Louiſa took an opportunity before ſupper, of ſeeing her faithful domeſtics. Norah hung on her neck with maternal affection; and poor James, whoſe honeſt heart glowed with the warmth of brotherly love, could ſcarce reſtrain his joy within the bounds of

reſpect. Louiſa promiſed to give them a circumſtantial account of all that had happened to her the next day; and aſſured them, that ſhe ſhould never forget their affectionate behaviour on this, as well as on many other occaſions; and, leaving them completely happy, returned to the company, to whom ſhe found Dr. Delany giving an account of Sir Dennis, who had awakened in a ſtate little ſhort of frenzy: his alarmed ſervant ſent for the Doctor immediately, and told him that his maſter could not ſleep, when firſt he lay down, for raving about Miſs Conolly and ſeveral other people, whoſe names he was unacquainted with. At laſt, wearying himſelf out, he had fallen into what the man thought a ſound ſleep; from which he ſuddenly ſtarted up, ſwearing he would be the death of ſomebody; the ſervant

want thought he ſaid Richard Dogherty, but he was not ſure.

"When I went into his chamber," continued the Doctor, "I found him in an agony of paſſion becauſe his ſervant would not give him his clothes: his looks were wild, and his words incoherent; I ſat down by him, and ſtrove to calm his agitated mind; he grew ſullen, while I held him a long preachment in hopes it might compoſe him; he ſeemed to liſten to me with ſome attention. He lay down quietly at laſt; I continued my ſermon, and it proved what I hoped it would, an excellent ſoporific. That young man has ſomething more I fear to make him unhappy than his love for Miſs Conolly: we muſt endeavour to ſooth and amuſe him among us, or he will injure his health by drinking; and if you, my dear lady, cannot *love* him, at leaſt do not give him cauſe to think you

hate him. To be deſpiſed by one whom he almoſt adores, is too much for an high-ſpirited man like him to bear. Gentle and kind to every body elſe, let me conjure you to ſoften a little your manners to Sir Dennis."

"For my ſake, Louiſa, ſooth him; do not let me loſe the man I love next to Villiers, through your ill-nature; behave to him with that eaſy good humour you do to the Duke De Rouſillon, and give me the happineſs of ſeeing Sir Dennis Malone once more cheerful; do not pout like a croſs little girl.—If you will not oblige *me* in ſuch a trifle, I will refuſe *you* the protection you ſo prettily aſked me to give you, and ſend you back to your good friends in the hovel—Judy and Blarney O'Slang."

"Heavens! my dear uncle, what a tremendous puniſhment!—it is enough to frighten her into good-humour with twenty

Sir

Sir Dennis Malones, if there were ſo many in the Caſtle; my aunt, Lady Emily, Louiſa, and myſelf will *all* make much of him: but indeed, my Lord, you have humoured him ſo, that he is as fractious as a petted child."

"That is my fault, Philippine; *you* would not be ſo contradictory and whimſical if your uncle's indulgence had not ſpoiled you, and your aunt's too, ſhe has helped, and to ſpoil Sir Dennis likewiſe."

"How could I help it, when he came to us a little, beautiful, engaging creature, only four years old; for at that early age he was an orphan, Mr. Ponſonby, left to the guardianſhip of Lord Claranbridge; and his behaviour to us both ſince that period, has been truly filial; and we ſhew our love to Miſs Conolly, when we wiſh her to be the wife of Sir Dennis."

"If my behaving to Sir Dennis Malone with the freedom and the affection of a *ſiſter* will render him happy, and oblige Lord and Lady Claranbridge, I will adopt that behaviour with pleaſure; but to encourage his addreſſes is——"

"Is what we muſt not flatter ourſelves that little obdurate heart will ever condeſcend to do. However, my dear girl, we will not ſhew ourſelves ungrateful for what you have offered; if we cannot get the whole, we will be thankful for a little bit; therefore commence the ſiſter to-morrow morning, and give me the ſatisfaction of ſeeing what effect it will have upon his at preſent diſordered mind;—the *trial*, my Louiſa, will do honour to your compaſſionate and generous diſpoſition."

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

A SURMISE STRENGTHENED, AND AN ADDITION TO THE PARTY.

SIR Dennis aroſe late in the day, and complaining of an intenſe head-ach, dined in his own apartment. Louiſa was not ſorry; ſhe had a delicate part to act; his ſtrange behaviour, and ſome words which he had uttered inadvertantly, confirmed her ſuſpicion that it was to him ſhe was indebted for the diſagreeable event of being betrayed by her ſervant. This opinion increaſed her averſion

averſion to him, and rendered her compliance with the Earl's requeſt very difficult; yet, to diſoblige him was what neither her prudence or inclination could dare to think of for a moment;—the uncle of her Villiers —the kind friend whoſe protection at this critical juncture ſhe dreaded to forfeit, muſt not be exaſperated; nor muſt ſhe raiſe ſuſpicion in the breaſt of De Rouſillon ſimilar to her own of the Baronet; as ſhe was certain that he would give way to a reſentment that might be fatal; and ſhe had trembled leſt Sir Dennis himſelf, in his paroxyſm of rage, ſhould diſcover what *ſhe* was ſo anxious to conceal.

In the evening the party received an agreeable addition by the arrival of Lord Clonwell, Lady Camira Belville, and Auguſtus Delany. Philippine had ſo intereſted her brother for the two latter, that he met them

in

in the moſt friendly and engaging manner; nor was Lady Camira afraid to congratulate him on his eſcape in the warmeſt terms; for ſhe imagined Philippine had informed him of her delicate ſituation in regard to Auguſtus, as ſhe knew it was only neceſſary to conceal it from the Lords Clonwell and Claranbridge.

Delany had an heart too generous not to rejoice in ſeeing a fine young man reſtored to his family, whoſe death he had ſo often heard them lament; but the friendſhip and ambition of the two Earls were well known to him. De Rouſillon, by birth and fortune, was all his uncle could wiſh for Camira; propoſals would be ſpeedily made; and, while fear and jealouſy fluſhed his cheeks, he aſked his Camira, with a *look* more expreſſive than *words*, if ſhe could *now* withſtand the commands of a father, when

the object of his choice was formed by nature to charm? She perfectly underſtood him; and anxious to remove every ſhadow of uneaſineſs from his boſom, was happy that they were in the garden, and ſeparated from all but Philippine, Louiſa, and Villiers, that ſhe might ſpeak without reſtraint.

"We ſhall have companions in diſtreſs, my Auguſtus; there are others at Roſe-Mount in our predicament: will you be eaſier, my couſin, from having fellow ſufferers? if you think you ſhall, my Lord De Rouſillon, Miſs Conolly, and ourſelves may ſing quartettoes againſt ambition."

"I wiſh, my Lord, we could contrive to make love and duty agree; it is hard to ſacrifice our own happineſs and that of thoſe deareſt to us on earth to ambition; why *muſt* it *be* ſo?

"I

"*I* will tell you why, Mr. Delany; it *muſt* be ſo, becauſe our uncles happen unfortunately to be old men, and great men, who, not having the fear of democracy before their eyes, imagine that they may add title to title, and riches to riches to the end of the world: my brother would not have anſwered you half ſo wiſely. Do not look ſo diſmal good people,—we will not deſpair: liſten to my advice; we will make a friend of Doctor Delany: we muſt be ſick, abſolutely dying: you ſhall begin firſt, Lady Camira; and, however inexorable papa may be to his only child in the bloom of health, he can never reſiſt the languid eye, pale cheek, and cold hand of *expiring* beauty:—while Auguſtus plays the madman, tears his hair, loads his piſtols, and ſwears he will not ſurvive his angelic couſin,—my life on it, the Earl will repent of his cruelty; beg you

both to live and be well; and, conjuring you to bleſs the remainder of his life, join your hands, and pray earneſtly that heaven may render you the happieſt of mortals.

"Villiers and I will perform much ſuch a ſcene here, and with the ſame good effect; ſo that with a little contrivance, you ſee, we may marry like good boys and girls, with the full conſent of our friends: no elopements, no ſtolen marriages, will Philippine adviſe; we will only *play* with the affections of papa's and uncles; and if the ſcheme does not ſucceed, we will *die* in right earneſt to puniſh their cruelty."

"I hope, my dear ſiſter, that we may be all happy without having recourſe to ſuch a romantic plan as yours; we owe a duty to ourſelves as well as to relations; and, as *our* happineſs does not conſiſt in *future dignities*, we muſt endeavour, by gentle degrees to

them ſenſible of it, and bring them over to our opinion."

"I wiſh it were *poſſible*; but you do not know their obſtinacy; they expect us to ſacrifice our inclinations to theirs, and will not let us vindicate our right of free choice in a free country. Lady Camira knows that by experience."

"I do indeed; my happineſs, my ſincerity, the candour I owe to a parent, were all deſtroyed when my poor brother died; before that unfortunate period, I was above deceit; *now* I am forced to ſtoop to a thouſand arts I ſhould once have ſcorned. However, I muſt not complain; I might have been more wretched; though Auguſtus and I are forced to preſerve the privilege we enjoy of ſeeing each other by a continual ſeries of deceptions."

"Here come Sir Lucius and Mr. Ponſonby, and with them the poor ſick man; he

he looks very pale. Now, Louiſa, remember your promiſe to my uncle—*ſiſterly affection*; you have an excellent example of it in me child. I will not ſay to you as Lord Claranbridge did, "behave to Sir Dennis Malone as you do to the Duke De Rouſillon," becauſe I know that would be mending one heart and breaking another; I will only ſay, Louiſa, copy me; and, as *I* behave to the Duke, do you behave to the Baronet."

"Let me walk between you, my Philippine, and Lady Camira; and, thus guarded from his particular attentions, I will exert my good-nature."

"Poor thing, what a coward it is! let us take care of her, Lady Camira, for fear Sir Dennis ſhould eat her; ſhe muſt learn of us to flirt with thoſe who are indifferent to her to illude ſuſpicion."

"You

"You muſt do as you pleaſe ladies; but, in my opinion, it is as imprudent to flatter thoſe whom we do not like, as it may at preſent to declare our real ſentiments; therefore, by keeping together, we can make the converſation general, and avoid all particularities."

This propoſal of Louiſa was adhered to, and their walks rendered gay and agreeable. Sir Dennis by degrees recovered his cheerfulneſs, and did not aſſume from the agreeable change he found in Miſs Conolly's behaviour; he ceaſed to ſacrifice his reaſon at the ſhrine of Bacchus, and ſhewed himſelf in every reſpect worthy the friendſhip of Lord Claranbridge.

CHAP. XIV.

A CONCERT AND BALL.

THE third day after the arrival of Louiſa commenced by a concert, which was ſplendidly attended; Lords Belair and Bendwall, Sir Roderic O'Connor, and a brilliant aſſemblage of beauty and faſhion appeared at Roſe Mount to grace a feſtivity given in honour of the Duke De Rouſillon.

The orcheſtra was filled by an excellent band; and, after a fine overture, the following words, written by Miſs Connolly were ſung:—

SONG.

SONG.

DUETTO.

Lady Philippine and Mr. Ponſonby.

Villiers, though pierced by faction's hand,
Though on the raging billows toſt,
Preſerv'd by heaven's protecting hand,
Has ſafely gain'd Ierne's coaſt.
No more for him we ſigh and weep;
Gay pleaſure leads the playful hours;
And jocund loves their revels keep
Again in Roſe-Mount's blooming bowers.

CHORUS.

He lives—let echo catch the ſound,
And waft it o'er her green retreat:
He lives—from grotts and caves rebound;
He lives—let hills and vales repeat.

DUETTO.

With him heart-cheering joy appears,
That grief had baniſhed far away:
A brighter glow all Nature wears,
A brighter ſun illumes the day.
For him we'll form the mazy dance,
Or chaunt the ſongs of Belvoir dale;

While

While taſte and mirth ſhall fly from France,
To faſhion ſports at Roſe-Mount vale.

CHORUS.

He lives—let echo, &c. &c.

DUETTO:

And here, though no luxuriant vine
High on the poles her cluſters flings,
Sweet flowers the ſtately oak entwine,
That give perfume to zephyr's wings.
Now let the golden trump of Fame,
Sounding from Roſe-Mount's higheſt tower,
Our Villiers ſafe return proclaim,
While we the rich libations pour.

CHORUS.

He lives—let echo catch the ſound,
And waft it o'er her green retreat;
He lives—from grotts and caves rebound,
He lives—let hills and vales repeat.

Selections from the beſt productions, ancient and modern followed, and the concert was concluded, at the requeſt of the whole company,

company with a repetition of the above, in which Louiſa took the part of Lady Philippine in the duet; and it was hard to ſay which of them did it moſt juſtice, they both were perfect, and aſtoniſhed their hearers; as did the taſte and execution of Mr. Ponſonby the muſicians, both in the compoſition and ſinging; he had adapted the muſic ſo charmingly to the words and the voices which were to ſing it, that it was a treat to the moſt critical amateur, and the moſt ſcientific maſter: Louiſa had written it before her diſagreeable adventure: and, ſince her return to Roſe-Mount, Ponſonby had devoted his time to the compoſing of it, to the great delight of Lady Phllippine, who contrived to have it kept ſo ſecret, that her uncle, aunt, and brother heard it with aſtoniſhment and pleaſure.

The

The evening being very fine, they danced *al freſco* in the ſouthern garden: Lord Claranbridge was maſter of the ceremonies, and propoſed that the ladies ſhould change partners every dance, which, he ſaid, would prevent jealouſy and promote good-humour.

Lady Philippine's firſt partner was Lord Bendwall, whom ſhe choſe ſhould exhibit himſelf in one of the moſt lively dances ſhe could think of: naturally ſolemn in his movements, it was impoſſible he could keep time with the muſic; and he put the whole ſet out while he ſlowly paced the figure with a formal deportment and thoughtful countenance that excited riſibility in all who beheld him, eſpecially as Lady Philippine, giving up her native eaſe and ſprightlineſs, ſo exactly imitated his air and look, that they ſeemed a primitive dancing-maſter and his pupil, when ſtiffneſs was reckoned grace, and

and eaſe was never ſeen in polite aſſemblies. —When his lordſhip led her to a ſeat, ſhe ſaid,

"This is the firſt time that I have had the honour of ſeeing your Lordſhip dance; you are a moſt wonderful dancer: how far ſuperior is the graceful dignity of your motions to the trifling flutter of our flimſy modern beaux: upon my word, my Lord, you ſhould dance at every ball to ſet a good example."

"You ſhew your taſte, charming Lady Philippine, you ſhew your taſte; it is not often that I condeſcend to dance; but when I do, I ever have the happineſs of gaining the admiration of all the fair ladies who are judges of *true grace:* yes, yes, I do not look as if I would ſhake myſelf to atoms."

"No, indeed, you do not, my Lord, you give every body time to examine the propriety

priety of your ſteps; you will convince them that it is impoſſible for *you* to make a *faux-pas*."

"Exactneſs and propriety have the rule of my conduct; they direct my thoughts in the council-chamber, my ſpeeches in the ſenate, and my ſteps in the ball-room."

"And your gallantries to the ladies;—I may ſay *that* from experience, you know, my Lord."

"Incomparable, Lady Philippine! Oh, how I regret for both our ſakes, that the etiquette of the evening obliges us to change partners!"

Lady Camira was to call the next dance. Philippine whiſpered, "dear Camira, let it be the moſt difficult; the renowned Sir Roderic O'Conner is to be my partner. Oh, how theſe oddities divert me! pray behold my Adonis ſtretching his wide mouth into

an

an horrible grin, exhibiting his two rows of unpoliſhed ebony, while he is drawing up his white gloves on his great bony frightful paws."

The ſelf-conceited Baronet, though unaccuſtomed to dancing, could not reſiſt the honour of Lady Philippine's hand, which he thought made him the envy of all the gentlemen for the time he poſſeſſed it, nor the advantageous opportunity of diſplaying his dazzling embroidery, which only rendered his ill made awkward figure more conſpicuouſly ridiculous, as he ſuffered himſelf to be puſhed about like a wooden puppet.

" Never did the fine form and eaſy gracefulneſs of Lord Belair appear to ſo much advantage in the eyes of Lady Philippine, than as he danced with her after ſuch foils; nor could ſhe have choſen a partner, in the abſence of Fitzroy, whoſe manners were ſo agreeable:

agreeable: his attentions were ſufficiently marked to gratify female vanity, yet too delicate to diſpleaſe even one whoſe heart was attached to another.—Lord Belair had a great regard for Mr. Fitzroy; he often talked of him, and ſhe liſtened with pleaſure; he ſeemed intereſted for him: then ſurely, ſhe thought, if he knew the reciprocal, the unalterable attachment which ſubſiſted between them, Fitzroy would find him a generous rival: her brother might with propriety entruſt him with the ſecret; and his good ſenſe and liberality of ſentiment would engage him to be an able advocate with her uncle in their behalf: her endeavour, therefore, was to retain him as a friend, though ſhe could not encourage him as a lover; and ſhe had the ſatisfaction to obſerve, that he did not miſconſtrue the lively

lively freedom with which ſhe treated him.

In Lord Belair Ponſonby had the felicity to meet a moſt ſincere friend; they had been at college together, and contracted an intimacy that continued till Lord Belair, then Mr. Forteſcue, went on his travels. At his return, he made all the enquiries he could after a young man, in whoſe ſociety he had ſpent ſome of the moſt agreeable hours of his life, and was extremely vexed and diſappointed at not being able to find him; the more ſo, as he heard he had been under ſome pecuniary embarraſſments. Sincere, therefore, was his joy at this unexpected meeting; and Ponſonby received the public demonſtrations of his almoſt fraternal affection, with humble, yet animated delight. Lord Belair had often grieved that his abſence put it out of his

power to extricate a friend ſo dear to him, and not only dear to *him*, Ponſonby was dear to all who knew him; engaging humility and true dignity of mind added to the moſt ſhining abilities, had ever rendered him worthy the regard of thoſe peculiarly diſtinguiſhed themſelves, by brilliant talents as well as noble birth.

CHAP. XV.

AN INTERESTING FRIENDLY NARRATIVE.

AS the Ladies Philippine and Camira, Miſs Conolly, Lord Belair, Ponſonby, and Villiers, tired with dancing, reſted themſelves in a bower; Lord Belair aſked the latter if he could give him any information of the Marchioneſs Delatourelle?

"Some time before the revolution, I ſaw her at the opera with a very lovely young lady; but, as I was engaged with a party, I had not an opportunity of going to her box;

ſhe is herſelf a charming woman, my Lord; I do not wonder you think her worth enquiring after."

"I muſt be both taſteleſs and ungrateful, if I was not anxious about her fate on her own account; but that of an only and very dear ſiſter is twined with it."

"Miſs Forteſcue's! my Lord?"

"Yes, Ponſonby, my Eliza's; ſhe was a kind ſiſter, a ſenſible and cheerful companion, the faithful confidant of all my boyiſh troubles; my advocate with my father, and when he was obdurate, has often extricated me from my pecuniary embarraſſments with her own pocket-money: had I not reaſon to grieve when I ſaw her ſpirits and health daily declining, and thought myſelf the cauſe,—partly ſo, if not entirely."

"By your extravagance and ill conduct, I ſuppoſe, my Lord."

"Do

"Do not think ſo harſhly of me I beſeech you, Lady Philippine; you muſt know, that I unfortunately forgot my ſiſter was a *woman*; I thought ſhe could ſee and converſe with a very handſome agreeable young man as ſafely and indifferently as myſelf; ſhe grew every day more and more ſuſceptible of his merit; and I ſecretly gloried in my Eliza's penetration and diſintereſted love, and alſo in the modeſt noble conduct of my friend, who was above taking advantage of a preference in his favour ſo very viſible, or even to notice it. As I knew it would take ſome time to reconcile my father to the match, who had more ambitious views for her, I told my ſiſter that though I approved of her attachment to my friend, we muſt keep the ſecret in our own breaſts, till I returned from my travels, when ſhe might

depend on my aſſiſtance to promote a union ſo agreeable to my inclinations.

" At my return, I had the unhappineſs to find my poor Eliza inconſolable; partly from ſeeing my father daily declining, and partly becauſe ſhe had not ſeen my friend ſince a circumſtance had happened which endeared him to her more than ever; he was riding out with my father and Eliza, when her horſe took fright and ran with her furiouſly towards a precipice; the brave fellow threw himſelf before the wild animal, juſt as he reached the brink of the precipice, and preſerved my ſiſter's life at the immediate hazard of his own; my father, who ſaw their danger with inexpreſſible terror, was ſo *grateful* for the ſpirited action that ſaved his daughter; and ſpoke of him in ſuch affectionate terms to the day of his death, that I am ſure, could he have been found, Lord Belair would have been

been as happy to have called him ſon as I ſhould to have called him brother; but all our enquiries proved fruitleſs, and the life he preſerved would, I believe, have fallen a ſacrifice to his unexpected abſence, if the Marchioneſs Delatourelle had not fortunately arrived; her ſenſe, her ſpirit, and tender friendſhip ſoothed and comforted my drooping Eliza, with whom ſhe ſhared the melancholy confinement occaſioned by the illneſs and death of my father. Eliza's health declining before, was ſtill more impaired by the loſs of a beloved parent: I was ſeriouſly alarmed at the low ſtate I ſaw her in; and, as her diſorder appeared to be chiefly on her ſpirits, I perſuaded her to accept of an invitation the Marchioneſs gave her, to reſide for ſome time in France; change of ſcene and climate we both hoped would be of ſervice to her. I flattered her that ſhe ſtood a

great chance of seeing my friend at Paris, as some temporary derangement of his affairs might oblige him to go there; and, in that case, she would have it in her power to be of service to him. This was an inducement; and she prepared for her journey with eagerness: I could not accompany them, but I gave them letters for him, and every direction to the Marchioness where I thought her servants would be most likely to hear of him, if he was really in that kingdom.

"All my sister's letters gave me a good account of her health, though I found she could not recover her vivacity; but since the fatal massacre in August, I have not heard from her, and am of course extremely uneasy."

"Most likely, my Lord, the Marchioness and Miss. Fortescue are waiting for a safe opportunity of coming to Ireland or England:

land: concealment may be neceſſary, and then it is impoſſible for them to write, leſt their retreat ſhould be betrayed. *I* have felt all thoſe difficulties; and ladies muſt be much more embarraſſed."

"Poor Miſs Forteſcue! I hope ſhe recovered her ſpirits a little before the Revolution. And perhaps, my Lord, ſhe may have found your friend to protect her."

"No, Lady Philippine, that happineſs was reſerved for her brother at Roſe-Mount; you ſee in Mr. Ponſonby the only man I ever thought worthy my Eliza: now I have found him, and loſt her."

"I hope not, my Lord; I am a cypher in the world; my life is of no conſequence to any body; I have long been weary of it: make it once more dear to me by giving me ſome clue to find your ſiſter; if I can reſtore her to you, I ſhall have lived for ſomething:

let me render myſelf, if poſſible, deſerving your friendſhip and her's;—*more* I never *did*, never *can* aſpire to."

"My dear Charles, if I had a clue to find her, I ſhould not be here myſelf; we muſt truſt to the Marchioneſs, who is a lady of great prudence and ſpirit; the Duke has given me ſome hopes that time may give her back to our wiſhes."

"If the lady I ſaw at the opera was your ſiſter, my Lord, ſhe is very like Miſs Conolly."

"It was *her*; for I think I ſee Eliza whenever I look at this lady. The dance is finiſhed; we muſt break off our converſation and reſign the ladies to Sir Dennis, Mr. Delany, and Sir Lucius, who I ſee are coming to claim them."

"And when you have reſigned *us*, I hope you will get agreeable partners to repair the loſs of ſuch charming ones as we are. Come,

come,

come, put yourſelves forward, leſt the ladies ſhould forget you; it will be horrid to be obliged to ſit ſtill during another dance."

"I have a great mind to be angry with you, Philippine, for ſuppoſing that it can be poſſible for the ladies to forget us."

"Oh, your ſervant, my dear brother; I have mortified your vanity I find."

The garden was now ſuperbly illuminated, and ſome beautiful tranſparencies terminated the walks; ſide-boards ſupplied the company with refreſhments of every kind; nor did they think of ſeparating till their artificial lights were dimmed by the radiance of the eaſtern ſky.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

THE MORNING WALK.

VILLIERS De Rouſillon and Miſs Connolly met in the garden long before any other Perſon had left their chamber; and, happy in each others converſation, forgot the impoſſibility of making ambition bend to love; hope ſeemed to have removed every obſtacle to their happineſs, and their minds were as clear as the unclouded azure to which Villiers turned his expreſſive eyes as he ſaid,

"Moſt

"Moſt ſolemnly I ſwear by heaven, never never to marry any lady that my uncle chuſes for me, unleſs that lady ſhould be Louiſa. I own I wiſh to prove myſelf a dutiful nephew; but I never will be a ſlave to his ambition: and, though his partiality to Sir Dennis is diſagreeable, as it makes him wiſh to bias you in his favour; yet, my Louiſa, Lord Claranbridge can only perſuade, he cannot command you: promiſe me therefore not to leave Roſe-Mount; ſtay with my aunt and ſiſter, who love you; *here* I can guard you with propriety; and the uninterrupted minutes we may enjoy, if not alone, in the preſence of our ſiſter, will compenſate for the unpleaſant ones we muſt for a while ſubmit to."

"You need not deſire me, my dear Villiers, to ſtay at Roſe-Mount, I ſhall not wiſh to quit it, unleſs, which heaven forbid, Lord

Lord Claranbridge ſhould reſent my refuſal of Sir Dennis in ſuch a manner as to render it impoſſible to ſtay here; then, for I confeſs myſelf too great a coward to return to Connolly Park; I would go with Lord Emily to Dublin, where, perhaps, I ſhould be ſafe."

"Not without me, Louiſa, ſhall you leave Roſe-Mount Caſtle; Lord Claranbridge himſelf ſays you cannot be ſafe till under the protection of an huſband. Part with you I *will not*, let the conſequence be what it will; the wretch who has once torn you from me will not give up his vile deſign; concealed villain! watchfulneſs alone can guard you from him, till chance gives him to my vengeance, then——"

"Hold, my De Rouſillon, your rage terrifies me more than I can expreſs: may the object of it be far *far* beyond your reach; may

may you never know who he is! How would Lord and Lady Claranbridge hate me if they had heard you.—Dear Villiers do not let your warmth betray us."

Ponſonby, whoſe ſlumbers had been diſturbed by what Lord Belair ſaid of Miſs Forteſcue's love for him, and his own for Louiſa, had riſen early, and believed that he was the only one of the party who enjoyed the morning air, till he heard the voice of Villiers exclaim—"not without me, &c. &c.;" he ſtood motionleſs; though he ſuſpected an attachment between Miſs Conolly and the Duke, he was unprepared for the confirmation; and though he did not dare to hope for her love, to be aſſured that it was abſolutely given to another, was too much. They turned into the walk where he was ſtanding; he ſaw Villiers preſs her hand to his lips; he ſtarted, and looked confuſed;

he

he could not ſhun them,—yet dreaded to ſpeak, leſt his faultering accents ſhould betray what he now more than ever wiſhed to conceal: they ſaw his diſtreſs, and imputing it to his uneaſineſs about the fate of Miſs Forteſcue, invited him in the kindeſt manner to join them; and De Rouſillon ſaid,

"Dear Mr. Ponſonby, allow me to be your friend; place me next to Lord Belair in your eſteem; without knowing me, you have bleſt me more than I can expreſs; you have preſerved my life and happineſs in this lady: may you be rewarded for it;—may ſome one brave as yourſelf be the guardian of Miſs Forteſcue: alike in perſon and diſpoſition, their fates were alſo ſimilar: perfect diſintereſted love early adorned the boſom of my Louiſa, and impaired her health when ſhe thought I was loſt for ever; ſo Eliza loved her Ponſonby,—ſo grieved when

when ſhe had loſt him; and ſo, to part no more, may ſhe ſoon meet him."

Ponſonby bluſhed; it ſeemed as if De Rouſillon had known his thoughts, and not being able to give him Louiſa, had made Eliza her counterpart, and wiſhed that ſhe might be reſtored to him; and he felt ungrateful that ſhe was not really the ſole object of his affections. Recovering from his confuſion, he replied,

"It was impoſſible, my Lord, to converſe with Miſs Forteſcue and remain inſenſible of her merit; I thought her ſenſe and beauty far ſuperior to any lady's I had then ſeen; but her attentions were too delicate for me to impute them to any particular regard for myſelf: I was the favourite friend of a brother whom ſhe wiſhed to pleaſe by her civilities to one he eſteemed; her father ſet her the example; they were all kind to me beyond

beyond my deſerts; but to repay that kindneſs, by engaging the affections of an artleſs amiable girl, with a fortune far above my expectation, was a treachery my ſoul abhorred, though that fortune would have ſaved me from the ruin I was at that time rapidly plunging into. Knowing the generous mind of Mr. Forteſcue, I carefully concealed my circumſtances from him; I knew he would have relieved me; but he was preparing to ſet out on his travels, and I was determined to let him go without perplexing him with my embarraſſments. I continued my viſits to Lord Belair, though they were not ſo frequent as when his ſon was there. The week after I had been ſo fortunate as to ſave Miſs Forteſcue from the danger her brother mentioned laſt night, I was arreſted and impriſoned for ſome time; when I was liberated, ſhame, poverty, kept

me

me from Lord Belair's. Cruſhed by misfortunes and folly, I wiſhed to obliterate from my mind every trace of former happineſs; and I wiſhed that Ponſonby might be obliterated from the memory of his friends."

"But you find, my dear ſir, that when once Mr. Ponſonby is known, he can never be forgotten."

Louiſa, ſaying that ſhe would go in and ſee if Lady Philippine was up, left the gentlemen together; and De Rouſillon gave Ponſonby an account of his long attachment to Miſs Conolly, and the uneaſineſs he had ſuffered from the time he heard of her leaving Conolly Park till her return to Roſe-Mount. Ponſonby grew intereſted by degrees, till at laſt he felt only for De Rouſillon; and his generous heart moſt ſincerely wiſhed that every obſtacle was removed which could impede the marriage of thoſe whom love had

ſo

ſo long united, and who were ſo every way deſerving of each other: his own paſſion for Louiſa was calmed into fraternal affection as he reflected, that if he had enjoyed titles and riches they would not have purchaſed a claim on her heart; and he did not doubt that the ſociety and friendſhip of Lord Belair, would reſtore him in a very ſhort time to perfect tranquillity.

CHAP. XVI.

AN ANCIENT FESTIVAL.

AFTER breakfaſt, Lady Philippine invited the company to the weſtern garden, where canopies of roſe-colour ſilk were ſuſpended from the trees over ſophas of the ſame; and a combination of ſweet ſounds charmed the ear, while the eye wandered in a vain ſearch for the muſicians, who were concealed in the grottoes. At the concluſion of this inviſible concert, which was vocal and inſtrumental, horns and clarinets were heard on

on the water, and two ſuperb barges approached the landing place, each rowed by twelve men in white jackets and green leather helmet caps with white feathers. On entering theſe barges, they found the moſt delicious refreſhments; and after enjoying for two hours all that a clear atmoſphere, diverſified proſpects, and the harmony of wind inſtruments could give, they returned to Roſe-Mount Caſtle in high ſpirits, and full of gratitude to the beautiful lady of the revels, who, by concealing her deſigns, ſaves them from the anxiety of expectation, and the *ennui* of diſappointment.

The inviſible muſicians welcomed their arrival, and ſeemed to accompany their ſteps to the great hall, which was covered with a matting of green ruſhes, and ſurrounded by ſeats of the ſame; wreaths of the gayeſt natural flowers entwined the black pillars,

and

and hung in feſtoons between them. Lady Philippine ſaid,

"For the reſt of the day we muſt ſuppoſe ourſelves entertained by Sir O'Carrol Montgomery, the founder of the ſtructure we are now in, whom my uncle will repreſent; he invites us to a banquet, and deſires that we will meet him here at five o'clock."

In compliance with her ladyſhip's requeſt, they re-entered the hall at the appointed hour, and were graciouſly received by the venerable knight of the thirteenth century. the table was covered as nearly as poſſible after the cuſtom of that period; and not only the whole company, but all the attendants were habited according to the faſhion of thoſe days.—The motley appearance of a a maſquerade is childiſh and incomplete compared to this noble and finiſhed repreſentation of an ancient banquet.

By

By the particular requeſt of his uncle, Villiers appeared in the regal robes of Richard the Second: he was dreſſed from a fine full length which hung in a chamber on that ſide the Caſtle; for the partial Lord Claranbridge thought no one could repreſent the beautiful monarch to ſuch advantage as his beloved Villiers. A train of ſplendid courtiers followed their ſovereign, and Lord Bendwall, in the character of Robert Vere Duke of Ireland, figured at his ſide, the favourite of the moment.

Sir Roderic O'Connor perſonated one of his own anceſtors of that time; the bow he held, the rude martial habit, marked the ancient chieftain; but his ſlight tall figure ill became the garb; and never *tolerable*, he was *now* abſolutely *frightful*.

Not ſo appeared Sir Dennis in a dreſs ſomething ſimilar; his finely proportioned though

though robuſt form, never was ſeen to greater advantage; his ſpear ſeemed fitted to the hand that graſped it, and his ample ſhield lay lightly on his nervous arm; while the crimſon plumes that adorned his helmet, gave added dignity and fierceneſs to his ſtrongly marked but very handſome features: every body beheld him with ſurpriſe and even Louiſa admired the noble warrior of pleaſure; other times, though ſhe diſapproved of his behaviour, when coming to her, he bent one knee to the ground, ſaying,

"Peerleſs lady! command your faithful knight, whoſe right arm wears your favourite colour to inſpire it to deeds of hardihood." I *ſwear* to proclaim your virtues and beauty ſuperior to every other lady's in the world; by this conſecrated ſpear I ſwear—

Inform me therefore, diſpoſer of my life! againſt whom it ſhall be raiſed, and I will fly to the extremity of the globe to obey you."

Louiſa could ſcarcely attend to his ſpeech for looking at his arm, around which the blue ſaſh that ſhe had worn in the morning was twiſted and tied in a handſome bow; anger flaſhed from her eyes, and prevented her from replying, till Lady Claranbridge, who obſerved her aſtoniſhment and diſpleaſure, laughingly ſaid,

"Do not be angry, my dear Louiſa, I was the thief, and tied it there myſelf."

This well-timed confeſſion appeaſed the reſentment of Louiſa; and, aſſuming the play of the moment, ſhe replied with primitive ſerioufneſs,

"Brave Knight, ſince you crave my commands, I requeſt that you will ſearch the world

world for a loſt, and I fear diſtreſſed, Damoiſelle called the Fair Eliza, the ſiſter of a noble and courteous knight, and detained from him and this her native land by force, or enchantment: go then, renowned knight; may ſucceſs attend your ſearch: and when you reſtore her,—when I greet her with the kiſs of friendſhip, I will reward you with my *thanks*."

"Too inexorable, yet matchleſs lady! though the unguided ſearch, the hazardous expedition you enjoin will baniſh me for ages, perhaps for ever from your preſence, I ſubmiſſively obey."

Lady Philippine's dreſs for the occaſion was very beautiful; her fine dark hair was dreſſed in ringlets intermixt with ſtrings of pearl; a robe of violet taffety was confined by a ceſtus of brilliants, and drawn up in ſeveral places at the bottom with roſes and

loops of the ſame, diſcovering a petticoat of ſilver tiſſue, and a veil of ſilver gauze formed an elegant drapery over the whole.

Lady Camira's robe was bright green adorned with a blaze of jewels, and her hair fell in curls from a ſplendid diadem; but though ſhe had the appearance of a royal conſort, the heart of Richard's repreſentative refuſed her for its queen, and was more than ever charmed with the intereſting figure of Louiſa; who, conſcious that her ſmall ſtock of diamonds would be ſcarce ſeen amidſt the profuſion around her, diſplayed her taſte in ſimple elegance; her light luxuriant treſſes were only wreathed with artificial hyacinths; a robe of white tiffany of a graceful length, was terminated with a fringe of ſilver and drew high around her neck, meeting a row of large white beads, and was faſtened round her waiſt with a chain

and

and taſſels of the ſame; a veil of light blue gauze ſpotted with ſilver, formed a drapery like Lady Philippine's, which was drawn up in various places by ſtrings and taſſels of ſmaller beads than thoſe around her neck and waiſt.

No lofty plumes waved over the fore-heads; no powder ſullied the treſſes of any lady for that day: nature was ſeen in her moſt captivating form;—feminine lovelineſs decorated not diſguiſed.

Charles Ponſonby, in the humble garb of a minſtrel, did not let his lute hang uſeleſs over his ſhoulders, but made it accompany his fine voice in the ſongs of former times, and various airs judiciouſly ſelected for the occaſion; and he had the pleaſure of receiving the thanks of Lord and Lady Claranbridge for making ſuch an agreeable addition to their ancient feſtival.

Lady Philippine, in the diſplay of her own fancy, had ſtudied to gratify the peculiar taſte of her generous indulgent uncle, who beheld with delight the quarter of his caſtle that he was moſt proud of, ſo nobly, ſo ſuitably graced; and the affectionate ſmile of approbation glanced continually on his obliging niece, whom he ſaw with exultation, was the moſt attractive object in the hall to thoſe whoſe admiration created envy, and whoſe alliance would confer honour.

The painted windows, early excluding the light; an immenſe number of antique lamps blazed around; ſmall coloured ones twining among the flowers, formed tranſparent garlands, and others illuminating the windows on the outſide, gave their glowing colours the luſtre of gems: this ſombrous hall, that the brighteſt ſun could never enliven, now aſſumed

aſſumed the gayeſt brilliancy; and Lord Claranbridge ſaid to Lady Philippine,

"Are you afraid of the black hall *now*, my girl? this evening will ſurely break the ſpell, and baniſh all the terror its gloom has hitherto occaſioned. You will never enter it again without a retroſpect of this gay appearance."

"If it was day and night to be illuminated in this manner, I ſhould think it a moſt enchanting place; but I am afraid my fears will return when the lights are extinguiſhed."

Minuets and ſerious fancy dances were thought moſt ſuitable to the period they had gone back to, and made an agreeable contraſt to the lively ones of the preceding evening.

CHAP. XVIII.

PLEASURE EMBITTERED.

LORD Claranbridge, ſeeing Villiers diſengaged, took him a little apart from the company, and ſaid,

"I have news for you, my boy;—Lord Clonwell has juſt made propoſals for an alliance between you and lady Camira, an honour that has been refuſed to ſome of the firſt men in the kingdom: not one objection on our ſide can be made to the match; the lady poſſeſſes youth, beauty, wit, riches, and

and title. The buſineſs ſhall be concluded immediately; I hate delays,—they are dangerous: I *muſt* ſee Philippine and you married before I die; and life you know, my dear child is precarious."

Louiſa happened unfortunately to be near, and overheard his Lordſhip; the dreadful certainty that Villiers muſt forſake her or diſoblige his uncle, chilled her heart; ſhe grew ſick and giddy: ſhe looked towards the door without ſeeing a poſſibility of gaining a paſſage to it: pale and almoſt lifeleſs, ſhe ſunk on a ſeat that was near her, and aſked Mr. Delany, who was ſtanding behind Lord Clarabridge, to give her a glaſs of water from a ſide-board that ſtood in a receſs cloſe by him; but her requeſt was made to one who, like herſelf, was petrified with vexation, and ſhe repeated it thrice without obſerving that he was equally diſordered,

equally ſhocked; he was ſtanding to gaze unobſerved on Camira, who was dancing, when the ſpeech of Lord Claranbridge caught his ear. Villiers, whoſe eyes were never fixed on any object when Louiſa was near but herſelf, beheld the alteration in her looks, and the inſenſibility of Auguſtus to what ſhe ſaid to him, inſtead of replying to his uncle, he quitted him haſtily, and, taking her hand, ſaid aloud,

"You are ill I fear, Miſs Conolly; the laſt dance has fatigued you; give me leave to lead you into the air."

Saying this, he made way for her to the door, where, meeting Lady Emily, Villiers told her that the heat had diſordered Miſs Conolly, and aſked her ladyſhip to walk with them in the garden till ſhe was a little recovered.

The

The trembling Louiſa was unable to quit the arm of Villiers; her parched lips refuſed utterance either to thanks for his attention, or the requeſt that he would leave her with Lady Emily and return to his uncle. Tears at length gave relief to her almoſt breaking heart, while De Rouſillon aſſured her of his unalterable love. When ſhe could articulate, ſhe replied,

"Believe me, my Villiers, I never can doubt the ſtability of profeſſions ſo often, ſo ſeriouſly repeated; it is the dread of what your dutiful and grateful ſoul will feel in acting oppoſite to the high expectations your uncle has formed for you that diſtreſſes me: poor Lady Camira and Mr. Delany have alſo claims on my ſympathy."

"I have far greater fears for *them* than for *ourſelves*, my dear Louiſa; Lord Clonwell's ambition trampled ſo meanly on the

laws of honour and affection, when, after encouraging his nephew's love for Camira, he could let the poor conſideration of additional fortune alter his intentions, that I have no reliance on his paternal love, who has undecidedly appreciated the worth of his daughter by the extent of her acres, and the titles he has ſo aſſiduouſly obtained for her. The virtuous, accompliſhed, and beautiful girl, was not thought too valuable a gift for the amiable Delany; but an eſtate and a bauble are treaſures to which he is arrogantly forbidden to aſpire, and a child, becauſe now unfortunately an *only* one, is doomed to miſery. Her rich inheritance is the grave of her happineſs; and her glittering coronet makes the head throb with anguiſh that it was deſtined to adorn. Cruel Father! he deſerves—yes, high as my ideas are of filial duty, he deſerves to be deceived;

and

and Lady Camira, obedient to the *firſt* juſt inclinations of Lord Clonwell, would be juſtifiable in giving her hand to Auguſtus."

"No ſeverity in a parent can poſſibly juſtify diſobedience in a child, my dear Villiers."

"Muſt a woman, in obedience to the commands of an ambitious father, give her hand and plight her vows at the altar to a man her heart deſpiſes?"

"No, my Lord; to repeat words to which the heart cannot accord, is an offence againſt a divine power, who is far ſuperior to any earthly parent, and a mockery of the moſt ſacred rite: therefore, when the heart is attached, contrary to the inclination of thoſe who have a right to command, to an object rich in every mental endowment; though poor in the greedy eye of avarice, and lowly in the ſtill more contracting optics

optics of pride, I know but one way to reconcile the duty due to parental authority with the principles of rectitude that religion and reaſon implant in the ſoul, and to preſerve the native freedom and dignity of human nature."

"And what way has my Louiſa found out? is it practicable?"

"Both practicable and eaſy; it is only to live ſingle; an alternative which ought to be the privilege of every one in a *free*, or indeed *any*, country, as it is ſafe and guiltleſs; and thoſe who cannot be happy, muſt endeavour by acting right, to avoid miſery."

"I ſhall require many more leſſons, my fair moraliſt, before I can be a convert to your philoſophy; the theory evinces the purity of your mind, but the practice is contrary to the laws of God and nature. How-

ever,

ever, we will conteſt the point at ſome other opportunity, and return to the company if you find yourſelf well enough."

"Leave me with Lady Emily; we will enter the hall ſeparately, it will be leſs particular."

"I obey, and promiſe to appear eaſy and cheerful to Lord Claranbridge, without giving a deciſive anſwer; he will hear reaſon, though he will not be abſolutely contradicted; do not be long abſent."

Juſt as he re-entered the hall, he met his uncle, who ſaid,

"Why, Villiers, what poſſeſſed you to leave me ſo abruptly juſt now, when I was telling you how kindly Lord Clonwell had anticipated my favourite ſcheme for you? was you ſo little intereſted in it? did you attend to what I ſaid?"

"Certainly

" Certainly I did, my Lord; but while you were ſpeaking, I ſaw Miſs Conolly had left the circle apparently much diſordered, ſhe looked pale and faint; as no one was near her, I went in haſte to offer my aſſiſtance."

" Poor thing, I hope ſhe is not ſeriouſly ill?"

" She is better, my Lord; I have left her with Lady Emily in the garden."

" Where was Dennis that he did not take care of her?"

" Dancing with Lady Camira I believe, my Lord."

" Yes, yes, ſo he was, I remember:— Oh, here he comes; your peerleſs dame, Sir Knight, requires your aid; ſhe has been drooping like a fair lily; ſhe is in the garden; go to her, and, if you

can,

can, reſtore her to us perfectly recovered."

The Baronet obeyed with pleaſure the commands of his Lordſhip; and Villiers by joining in the next dance, avoided all further converſation.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

DIALOGUES AND SOLILOQUIES.

DELANY a little recovered his ſpirits by converſing with his beloved couſin; while Lady Philippine was gaily chatting with Lord Belair and Sir Lucius Amorville, who had diſplayed that elegant taſte ſo conſpicuous in their dreſs as courtiers of the *preſent* day, in their ancient habits, as *courtiers* of the thirteenth century, which were ſplendid and becoming. Auguſtus was Henry of Hereford, armed for the combat with the Duke of Norfolk.

"I

"I never beheld till to-day," ſaid Sir Lucius, "maſculine and feminine beauty in their true characters;—men more gracefully robuſt—women more enchantingly delicate."

"I am of your opinion, Sir Lucius," replied Lord Belair; I could almoſt wiſh the days of chivalry reſtored.

"And the valour of the knights, for not one among you could encounter monſters and giants for our ſakes; the diſtreſſed dame may be devoured in theſe days, while the lily hand of her moſt ardent lover, terrified almoſt to fainting, graſps a pretty little bottle of *eau-de-luce* inſtead of a tremendous ſpear."

"Unconſcionable Lady Philippine! are not the duels that we fight in honour of your bright eyes, ſufficient to prove our cou-

rage

rage without your wiſhing us to encounter centaurs and hydras."

"Oh magnanimous Sir Lucius! to boaſt the heroiſm of modern dueliſts;—Papillon tilting againſt Papillon for the faireſt roſe."

"The hazard is equal; a man has only one life to loſe; and whether he expoſes that life to a piſtol bullet, or to a giant's club, his fortitude muſt be equal. Retract then, my dear lady, and do not ſo contemptuouſly depreciate your champions of the preſent period."

"I give you credit, my Lord, for ſo nobly defending the modern beaux; but, in my opinion, they are thoughtleſs and conceited, not intrepid; they are ready to forfeit their own lives, or take away another's, for cauſes ſo inſignificant, that the diſpute is a diſgrace to their underſtanding, and the termination violates the laws of juſtice and humanity.

I will

I will not have them compared with the heroes of old, who, nicely diſcriminating true glory from falſe, were the pride of their own days, and the admiration of ours; nor can they ſtand in competition with thoſe who in the army and navy of every nation, and at every period, have diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their abilities to direct, and their courage to act, of which many have given very recent proofs. But the end of the dance, ends alſo my loquacity, and ſaves you both, all further defence of *modern dueliſts*, till you have digeſted my wife ſpeech, and ſtudied as able replies. Come, Mr. Delany, you and I muſt exert our ſkill, and exhibit all our graces in the next quadrille, that Lady Camira and Sir Lucius may not eclipſe us. Why, you are as gloomy and thoughtful as if you were really

really Hereford planning the downfall of Richard."

"Ah! Lady Philippine, have I not reaſon to be unhappy? a giant, more cruel, more unconquerable than any in romance, has ruined all my hopes of felicity. Ambition is invulnerable to all the weapons I can, raiſe againſt it."

"Do not deſpair; force can do nothing; patience and perſeverance much: have no fears about my brother; *he* has as little inclination to marry *Lady Camira* as *you* have to wed *Miſs Conolly*. So cheer up, deſponding youth; rely on me; I am a good enchantreſs, and aſſure you, that in time your wiſhes will be accompliſhed."

Villiers had been for ſome time unpleaſantly ſituated between the Lords Clonwell and Bendwall; the former was inceſſantly praiſing his daughter, and the latter as inceſſantly

ſantly expaciating on the charms of Lady Philippine; and, though he could not deny the truth of what they ſaid, their motives were diſguſting.

Lord Bendwall thought himſelf ſure of Lady Philippine; and contemplated with pleaſure the intended marriage of his brother-in-law with the daughter of Lord Clonwell, who had differed from him lately in the politics of the Britiſh cabinet; he thought this an excellent opportunity to bring the Earl over to his ſide, by making himſelf appear high in the eſteem and confidence of the young Duke: and while Lord Clonwell was extolling Lady Camira, the politic Bendwall took malicious pains to draw the attention of Villiers to a very beautiful and rich young widow, who was coqueting in a circle of faſhionable admirers.

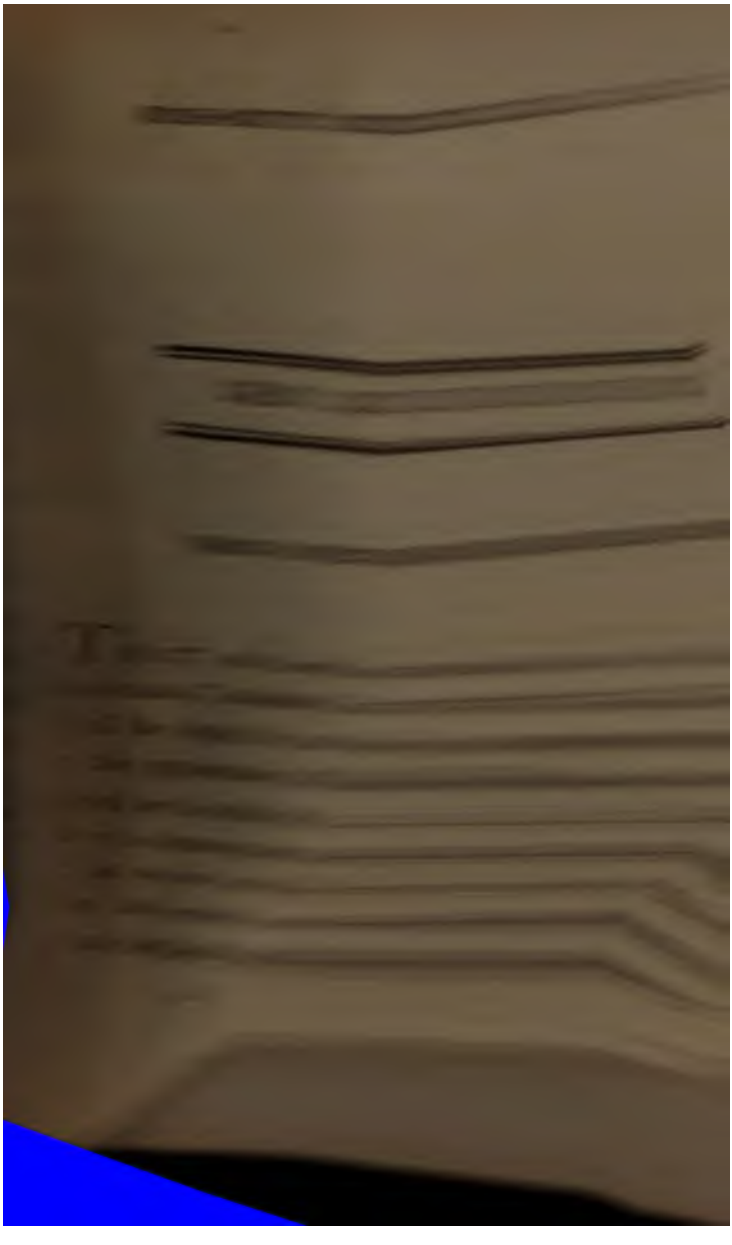
The

The eyes of De Rouſillon involuntarily obeyed his directions, and were fixed without thought, and without admiration, on an object whom he had often ſeen, but whoſe lovelineſs had no charms for him. A loud laugh, checked by a childiſh pettiſhneſs, rouſed him into contempt for a fair creature who, concealing the ſenſe nature had bleſt her with, ſhone only conſpicuous in art and affectation.

"And *this*," ſaid Villiers to himſelf, "is the widowed mother of two lovely girls, left to the care of a governeſs, who neglects the children, while ſhe receives *billets doux* and bribes from the lovers of their mamma, and acts the libertine herſelf from inclination, and to increaſe her ſalary. But how can a mother, falſely educated herſelf, who is inſenſible to her own follies, rectify the error, and from a giddy coquette turn

turn a prudent and ſenſible mother; the change is impracticable, and thus diſſipation multiplies."

He turned from her diſguſted at the idea, and ſaw Louiſa, who had attracted a party of gentlemen that were converſing with her and Lady Claranbridge; he knew the heart, he had long ſtudied the diſpoſition of Miſs Conolly; neither reſerved nor obtruſive, her attention is a compliment, her ſmile a favour; good ſenſe and corrected wit can ever command *both*, flattery and ſcandal *neither*: gentle and delicate in her manners, ſhe is never heard beyond her own circle; and her harmonious voice and beautiful mouth, give modulation and utterance to ſentiments that will charm when age has ſtolen her dimples, and the loſs of teeth rendered articulation imperfect.



CHAP. XX.

BOUNTY DISPERSED, AND A RESOLUTION FRUSTRATED.

THAT the amuſements at Roſe-Mount might not prove fatiguing, and to give time for the preparations, it was the deſign of Lady Philippine to divide them into four parts, and to appropriate them to each quarter of the Caſtle. The ſecond feſtival was fixed for this day fortnight, as Lord Clonwell ſaid he had buſineſs which would detain him in Dublin for that time: he ſet out accordingly after breakfaſt, as did alſo Lord Bendwall,

Bendwall, who was too conſequential a perſonage in his own opinion to be long abſent from the Lord Lieutenant's levees;—Sir Lucius to viſit his Cadenza and La Volte;—and Sir Roderic O'Connor to watch the growth of his beloved genealogical tree: the reſt of the company had left the caſtle when the feſtival was over; Lady Camira, Lord Belair, Sir Dennis, and Mr. Delany ſtaid; as did Mr. Ponſonby, who was made eaſy on account of Mr. Freeman, by Lord Claranbridge, who had written to him, and given both himſelf and lady an invitation to Roſe-Mount, which Ponſonby moſt ardently hoped they would accept.

Lady Claranbridge propoſed viſiting the cottages, in which ſhe took great delight.

Robuſt health and ſmiling content gave an eaſy and honeſt welcome to the pleaſed gueſts, who each left a token of their libe-

rality, which was gratefully received as an encreaſe to their little ſtock, not greedily, as a ſupply for an immediate want; bleſt with the comforts of life, they coveted not its luxuries; the conſiderate lord of the caſtle had not confined mirth and rejoicing within his own walls, but had beſtowed on every peaſant what he moſt ſtood in need of to repleniſh ſtable, cow-houſe, fold, or farm-yard, that ſickneſs or accident had deſpoiled of any part of their uſeful inhabitants: nor were the leſs ſubſtantial gifts withheld; a caſk of ſtrong beer and a large plumb-cake was ſent from the caſtle to every little manſion in its environs. To ſee a father rejoicing in the midſt of his domeſtic circle, bleſſing and bleſt; cheering his heart, not intoxicating his head, was the moſt ſoul-gratifying ſight to Lord Claranbridge, who ſaid to the young men of his party,

"You

"You ſee how eaſy it is for *one* rich man to make *many* comfortable; by encouraging honeſt induſtry, you lead the uneducated to an eaſy independence; the preſervation of his family gives ſtrength to his hands, and exertion to his mind; their ſociety enliven his abode, while frugal neceſſaries render it comfortable.

"Cuſtom has made inferior claſſes of people neceſſary for the good of the whole; but no cuſtom authoriſes the wealthy owner of fertile lands to revel in luxuries, while thoſe lands are cultivated, fences planted, and trenches ſunk, to guard them, by a fellow creature, to whom his thoughtleſſneſs or avarice denies a ſufficiency to procure at leaſt the *neceſſaries* of life. How dreadful it muſt be, to toil inceſſantly at the hardeſt labour for a ſcanty meal, ſhared in a wretched hovel, with a large family hungry and naked!

how muſt they rend the heart they ought to ſoothe, and bring miſery inſtead of comfort to a parent who, while nature bids him glory in a beautiful and numerous offspring, wiſhes in vain to feed them plentifully from a ſmall portion of the abundance ſhe diſplays around him. I have made it one of my chief amuſements to lighten the labour and ſupply the wants of all on my eſtate; Villiers I hope will do the ſame: nor does the cabin of penury diſgrace the lands of Sir Dennis Malone; when he came of age, I preſented him to a ſet of creditable happy tenants. You, Lord Belair, have an excellent heart, and are very rich; do not truſt to your ſteward; be yourſelf the inſpector of the farms and little cabins on your eſtate: excuſe me, my Lord; I ſpeak to you as I would to my nephew."

"Your

"Your Lordſhip compliments me by doing ſo, and I ſhall think myſelf honoured by your advice; there is a method in your management that I ſhall be happy to learn: you have made me fear I have been thoughtleſs; I will endeavour to repair my fault."

"Do, my Lord; I will aſſiſt you with any inſtruction you ſtand in need of; I have had many years practice:—never forget, that it is a debt the rich owe to the poor, to render his dwelling comfortable, and his meals wholeſome and plenteous, that reſt and food, temperately enjoyed, may give vigour to his limbs, and content to his heart; it promotes and rewards induſtry, and prevents deſperation: how many are compelled by neceſſity to meaſures they abhor; ſtarving amidſt plenty, deſpiſed for indigence, driven from ſociety, where unbluſhing vice, with a faſhion-

able exterior, is obſequiouſly careſſed, while honeſt integrity, meanly clad, is ſcornfully repulſed,—what can they do? unregarded, unpatronized, ſilently and patiently reſign an unfortunate and guiltleſs life, after experiencing all the horrors of famine and ſolitude in the midſt of a plenteous and populous kingdom; or daringly ſnatch an unlawful pittance, and precipitate an ignominious fate; while *all blame, all ignominy* ſhould recoil on the ſelfiſh or inconſiderate, who, beholding their diſtreſs, neglected to relieve it. I will make no apology for my preachment; it is the duty of the old to give leſſons to the young; and I think I know all your hearts too well, to fear that mine, on this ſubject, have been tireſome or diſagreeable."

On their return, Villiers deſired to have a few minutes converſation with his ſiſter, if

ſhe

ſhe was dreſſed time enough before dinner, in his own apartment; ſhe went to him accordingly.

"I am very uneaſy, my dear Philippine, at the viſible melancholy I perceive in Lady Camira and Mr. Delany; *I* will not be the cauſe of it I am determined. Your fears, my ſiſter, ſhall not prevent me any longer from placing an entire confidence in my uncle; I am ſorry I did not on my firſt arrival: an open avowal of my attachment to Louiſa will undeceive all parties."

"It is not Lord Glonwell's peremptory command to Camira in regard to yourſelf that afflicts her; it is a threat to marry her immediately to Lord Clafhmore, if either you or ſhe are refractory in this darling ſcheme."

"How can he think of giving her to that Hotſpur."

" He has thought of it very ſeriouſly I aſſure you; and before you came, I really believe the writings were getting ready. Poor Lady Camira was in deſpair; ſhe deteſts Claſhmore, who is proud and violent; his love diſguſts, and his anger terrifies; if ſhe is polite, he is preſumptuous; if ſhe is reſerved, he is outrageous. She was forced to flatter and ſoothe him, to guard Delany from his ſuſpicions; and extort the moſt ſolemn promiſes from Delany to put up with the haughty rudeneſs of Claſhmore, by the moſt tender and anxious fears for his ſafety: her life is a continual ſeries of terror leſt Auguſtus ſhould fall a ſacrifice to that furious rival of his. Now ſhe is a little eaſier, ſo far from wiſhing you would undeceive Lord Claranbridge and her father, ſhe entreats you to carry on the deception as long as poſſible."

" To

" To deceive either my uncle or Lord Clonwell, by an apparent acquiſcence to their wiſhes, is a duplicity my ſoul abhors. Do not aſk your brother, my Philippine, to act ſo derogatory to his principles."

" Then her father will ratify his promiſe to Claſhmore, and her miſery will be complete: ſhe relied on you to delay it at leaſt. She thinks Lord Clonwell will put an end to the hopes of Claſhmore while he is in Dublin; and if once put off, ſhe is ſure he will be too proud to renew his addreſſes. Surely, Villiers you may find ſome way to aſſiſt her in making a plauſible delay, without wounding your honour; for if you make the confeſſion to my uncle that you were talking of, he directly writes to Lord Clonwell not to put off Lord Claſhmore; for, next to yourſelf, they think he is the beſt match for her, as he is of an ancient noble family, and

very rich; qualifications that would recommend Lucifer himſelf if he were to make propoſals for either Camira or Philippine. And muſt I tell her to have no hope, brother?"

"The predicament ſhe is in with regard to Lord Claſhmore, is ſo very diſagreeable, that I will conſent to take *one* means that may perhaps extricate her; I will avoid giving a deciſive anſwer; *that* the very ſhort time I have been acquainted with her may juſtify. I wonder Claſhmore is alive; for I believe he has fought more duels than all the men of faſhion in Ireland put together have; he would quarrel for the moſt inſignificant trifle, and think no more of ſending a challenge to a man, than he would a letter of compliment. Was he invited to our feſtival?"

"Yes;

"Yes; but he was from home, ſo the card was left. I ſuppoſe he will pay us a viſit ſoon: an irritable fool! I wiſh he was in the Eaſt Indies, and that ſolemn fright Lord Bendwall, and the ſtill more frightful Sir Roderic, along with him."

"Not Lord Belair and Sir Lucius; why have you exempted them from baniſhment?"

"Becauſe they are too polite to be troubleſome, and faſhionable enough to give me credit; though I hate to plagued, I would not be deſerted for the world."

"I have a packet of letters from England in my pocket."

"From England, brother!"

"Ah, ſiſter, ſiſter! that little palpitating heart of yours wants correction, or it will betray you; I ſee you have no command

mand over it upon certain occaſions; it has in one minute metamorphoſed the gay indifferent woman of quality into an innocent love-ſick girl, who with downcaſt eyes, bluſhing confuſion, and trembling expectation, is longing to hear, yet too baſhful to aſk even her own brother "if William's well, and ſhe may bleſs the day?"

"And if my *own brother* was not a moſt provoking creature, he would have told me without aſking. Your fine ſpeech was thrown away; I have not one thought to beſtow on either you or myſelf; they are all flown into the Engliſh packet, ſtriving to anticipate the contents; and if you do not inform me what they are directly, I will never let you come into my dreſſing-room when Louiſa is with me."

"I *am* ungrateful to teaze you; for-

give

give me, Philippine; take the valuable packet; give Lady Emily hers, and tell her that De Rouſillon glories in the friendſhip of her ſon.

Philippine bowed her thanks, and retired to examine her treaſure

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

A LETTER, A DISCOVERY, AND A CHALLENGE.

THE packet contained congratulatory letters from Mr. Fitzroy to the Earl and Counteſs on the ſafety of their nephew, a moſt friendly one to himſelf, in which was incloſed another for Lady Philippine: ſhe read the opened ones firſt, the *deareſt* was reſerved for the *laſt*; ſhe carefully cut the paper, leſt ſhe ſhould deface the impreſſion of the arms with which it was ſealed, and read as follows:—

"Madam,

"Madam,

"As I have not the felicity of paying my reſpects in perſon to your Ladyſhip on the happy reſtoration of your deſervedly beloved brother, I flatter myſelf that you will not think me too preſumptuous in expreſſing my warmeſt congratulations in the only way my unfortunate diſtance will permit.

"Oh! Lady Philippine, how I envy my mother her preſent happineſs; while my thoughts, my wiſhes, can only viſit Ireland, *ſhe* enjoys your converſation, now reſtored to its enchanting livelineſs; ſhe ſees your eyes ſparkle with their accuſtomed brilliancy. The Duke De Rouſſillon lives—he is with you; your dear Louiſa too is well and happy. More than pleaſure, *content* reigns in every boſom at Roſe-Mount Caſtle: am I too ſelfiſh to wiſh myſelf within its walls, a bleſt partaker of the general felicity? thoſe

walls

walls contain *all* my treaſure, and "where the treaſure is, there will the heart be alſo;" *my heart* accords moſt devoutly with that ſentence; and if I do not break off abruptly, it will preſumptuouſly ſtrive to ſoothe the anxious fears it ſuffers, by lamenting evils which cannot be redreſſed. My uncle declines rapidly; if he lives, I cannot leave him to pay my intended viſit to Ireland; another winter muſt paſs, and perhaps another ſummer before.—But what am I doing? I took up my pen to rejoice with *you*, not to ſolicit your pity for *myſelf*; yet to hope that you wiſh I could ſhare in the amuſements over which you preſide;—to hope that, amidſt feſtivity and a croud of admirers, you ſometimes beſtow a thought on the abſent Fitzroy, is the *greateſt*, indeed the only happineſs I enjoy. Will you, dear Lady Philippine, have the charity to commiſſion my

mother

mother to tell me I am not miſtaken, that I may *ſtill* flatter myſelf you are not totally regardleſs of one who, rich *only* in *love*, muſt ſuppreſs the ardour of his ſoul, and coldly ſubſcribe himſelf,

Your Ladyſhip's
moſt truly devoted
and obedient humble ſervant,
WILLIAM FITZROY."

"Dear William Fitzroy!" exclaimed Philippine, involuntarily touching the beloved ſignature with her lips, "you are ſtill my *own*; the beauties of England have not ſtolen you from me: my elegant, my amiable Fitzroy, when ſhall I ſee you grace the dance? when ſhall I hear you give harmony to the concert?—how lifeleſs the one—how diſcordant the other, while you are abſent!—dull feſtivity! odious admirers!"

The

The tears fell on the letter; ſhe ſaw them roll over the characters ſhe ſo ſteadfaſtly gazed on, and haſtily ſhook them off, leſt a word ſhould be obliterated. Louiſa entered the room with the freedom of a ſiſter, as ſhe was accuſtomed; Philippine ſtarted and looked vexed: Louiſa ſaw ſhe was an intruder, and ſaid,

"I am ſorry I have interrupted you, my dear Philippine; excuſe me, I thought you were dreſſing."

"Stay Louiſa; I own I was a little diſconcerted, but it is over; you ſouſed me from a ſelfiſh reverie, and I hated you for it; now I hate myſelf for indulging my own happineſs at the expence of Lady Emily's, for while I was thinking of the ſon, I forgot the mother."

"Your *happineſs*! why the tears are gliſtening on your cheeks."

"Yes,

"Yes, the impertinent things! they would ſcarce let me read my letter."

"I hope there is no bad news in it?"

"Heavens! how dull you are to-day; why my dear little girl, do you not ſee that this is no more than a bit of paper containing the ſentiments of Fitzroy, and not Fitzroy himſelf. Alas! Louiſa, is he not ſtill abſent, and I fear likely to be *long abſent*! and yet *you*, who could weep for my brother if he left Belvoir for only a week or two, at the age that you wept alſo at breaking a wax doll he had given you, can put on a moſt apprehenſive face, and wonder at a few tears, as if you expected me to be endued with all the ſtoiciſm of modern philoſophy, when, alas! I feel myſelf as ſimple at twenty-one as you were at twelve; ſo now you have heard my confeſſion; come with me to Lady Emily's dreſſing-room; I am going to give her

her this packet; I think ſhe will juſt have time to read all the letters before dinner."

In the evening, which was devoted to muſic and cards, Villiers, who had abſented himſelf for ſome time from the company, returned ſo extremely grave, that Louiſa was much alarmed; ſhe wiſhed to ſpeak to him, but before ſhe had an opportunity, he apologiſed for leaving the party, by ſaying an intenſe head-ach obliged him to retire. Louiſa *hoped* he had ſpoken the truth; for dear as his health was to her, an head-ach was a temporary diſorder, from which every body at times ſuffered, and could not greatly affect her ſpirits; but ſhe was afraid he made it a pretence to conceal a ſerious mental uneaſineſs: ſhe endeavoured to conceal her fears and appear tranquil; and had the ſatisfaction to obſerve that the *appearance* was not diſcovered from the *reality*.

The great reward offered by De Rouſillon to whoever would give information concerning the perſon who had acted ſo daringly in regard to Miſs Conolly, had induced Richard Dogherty to come forward and declare in the moſt ſolemn manner, that Sir Dennis Malone had bribed him to put her into the hands of Blarney O'Slang and Teddy Maclochlan, who were to carry her to him; but that, when he found his ſcheme was fruſtrated, the enraged Baronet had uſed them all very ill; ſaying, that inſtead of the reward he had promiſed them, they deſerved to be horſe-whipped for their careleſſneſs.

Villiers had heard enough; he did not deſire to inveſtigate the merits of the actors in ſo vile a ſcene; he gave Richard the reward, with a ſevere reprimand for his treachery; telling him, that though he could not deny him what had induced him to make

the

the diſcovery, if ever he was ſeen within twenty miles of either Roſe-Mount or Conolly Park, he ſhould be puniſhed moſt ſeverely.

This information gained, Villiers had to conſider how he ought to act. Though Sir Dennis had deviated from his character as a gentleman in this inſtance, he was in every other reſpect brave and honourable, and at this moment the moſt valued gueſt in Roſe-Mount Caſtle.

The perplexed Villiers returned to the company thoughtful and embarraſſed: the ſight of Sir Dennis was deteſtable to him; and he formed the excuſe before mentioned for retiring.

After ſitting for ſome time wrapt in ſilent reflection, he calmly wrote the following:—

"Sir,

" Sir,

" Though family reaſons have induced me to conceal my engagements to Miſs Connolly, I now openly avow myſelf her protector: *her* father left her to the care of *mine*; the ſacred truſt has devolved to me: heaven has long witneſſed my vows, and the moſt ſolemn rite will ſoon ratify them if I *ſurvive*; if not, I ſhall *die* in revenging her wrongs on one who, when he bribed her ſervant to betray her into the hands of ruffians, forgot the reſpect due to *her* character and his *own*, as a man of honour, and the friend of Lord Claranbridge. That *you* have deviated ſo unaccountably, Sir Dennis, from that noble rectitude of conduct which has ſo much endeared you to my uncle, that I think we hold an equal place in his eſteem, gives me the ſincereſt affliction; but an atonement muſt be made for your injurious treatment of

Louiſa Conolly. I will ride out to-morrow morning; the choice of hour, place, and weapons ſhall be yours: you have time to arrange your affairs, and chooſe a ſecond if you think it neceſſary. I ſhall behave to you as uſual, that my family may not be alarmed; and if I fall by your hand, may heaven forgive you as freely as the injured

DE ROUSILLON."

As Sir Dennis often retired to his apartment in too elevated a ſtate to be able to read this billet, or anſwer it with the calmneſs it required, Villiers deſigned that it ſhould be given to him in the morning, and generouſly gave him till the next to make any arrangements he thought neceſſary.

Though De Rouſillon was obeying the dictates of honour in challenging the enemy of Louiſa, he could not help reflecting, that the life by which her own ſeemed to exiſt

might

might ſoon terminate, and that an affectionate family, now rejoicing in his ſafety, would perhaps in a few hours be weeping over his breathleſs clay: he ſhuddered at the idea; and, aſhamed of a weakneſs that ſeemed to ſhake his reſolution, he determined once more to join the company, and pretend that a ſhort ſleep had recovered him.

He accordingly entered the drawing-room with an aſſumed gaiety, and as much ſurpriſed Louiſa by an unuſual flow of ſpirits, as he did before by an uncommon melancholy; ſuch ſudden tranſitions were not natural to him; yet perhaps perfect eaſe, after ſevere pain, might produce ſuch an effect; but, ſo unlike is artificial cheerfulneſs to that which ſprings from the heart, her ſcrutinizing eyes ſoon diſcovered the deception; and ſhe obſerved with pain, that though he often changed his plate at ſupper,

he gave away untouched every thing that he was helped to; and ſtill with greater pain ſhe obſerved that he ſtrove to preſerve thoſe falſe ſpirits by taking a much larger quantity of wine than he uſually drank; he ſat oppoſite to her, and his looks were ſo unguarded that ſhe was quite unhappy. Lady Emily perceived her diſtreſs, and ſaid,

"I fear you are not well, Miſs Conolly."

"Yes—no, I am not very well, I have a dizzineſs in my head."

"Has Villiers' diſorder flown into yours," ſaid the Earl; "for he, I ſee, is perfectly well by his ſpirits."

Louiſa aroſe, and making a ſilent bend to the company, quitted the room. Villiers ſtarting up ſaid—"Do not leave us, Miſs Conolly." He ſtopped her in the anti-chamber, and eagerly catching her hand, preſſed it to his lips.

"For

"For ſhame, my Lord, you will be ſeen; for heaven's ſake be more guarded."

"Never, never; caution is at an end; we will be married immediately, my Louiſa."

"How wildly you talk; let me go; I hate to ſee you ſo unlike yourſelf."

"You do not love me, Louiſa."

"You know I do; recollect yourſelf, my dear Villiers."

"Yes, I *do* recollect too well; will you refuſe me the bliſs of dying your huſband?"

"Nonſenſe; we will talk of *that* to-morrow,"

"Cold put off; yet I will ſacrifice my *life* for *you*: unkind Miſs Conolly!"

"Huſh, huſh, you will be heard; you know I love you better than myſelf."

"Conſent to be my wife, and I will believe you."

"With your uncle's approbation I will; do not detain me any longer."

"Will you meet me very early to-morrow morning in the weſtern garden?"

"I will, I will; good night."

"You ſpeak in anger, Louiſa; bid me good night *kindly*; call me your *own Villiers*, or I ſhall not ſleep in peace."

"*Good night*, my own dear *dear* Villiers; may every guardian power bleſs and protect you."

Saying this, ſhe broke from him, and flew precipitately to her room in a ſtate of anxious perplexity, as ſomething very particular ſhe was certain had diſturbed the tranquillity of De Rouſillon, with whom ſhe was determined to ſeek an interview at the time he mentioned, and hear the truth from lips ſhe knew would not deceive her.

CHAP. XXII.

A GENEROUS CONFESSION.

DE Rouſillon gave his letter to Sir Dennis Malone's Valet as ſoon as he was up; telling him that he ſhould wait in his own apartment for an anſwer; in leſs than half an hour the man brought him the following:—

"Sir,

"If Miſs Conolly had been candid enough to inform me of the attachment between your Grace and her, I would have held her grief

for your ſuppoſed loſs too ſacred to have ſolicited at ſuch a period ſo ſudden a change in her affections; or if I had been informed of it ſince your arrival, I would have withdrawn my own claim, and exerted my influence with your uncle to reconcile him to your marriage; but, inſtead of imagining that I was *your* rival, I dreaded leſt you ſhould become *mine*. Miſs Conolly's excuſe before you came, had been an ill ſtate of health; ſhe ſaid ſhe would never encumber any man with a ſick wife. Since your return, her behaviour grew more than *cold*; I thought it, and I ſuppoſe with reaſon, *contemptuous*.

"Exaſperated almoſt to madneſs, I formed a ſcheme, not treacherouſly to trepan her into my power, ſuch *force*, as my deſigns were truly honourable, was far from my thoughts; but to throw her into an apparent

dangerous

dangerous ſituation, to ſnatch her from it. I flattered myſelf ſhe might be won by gratitude, and chuſe her deliverer to protect her from ſuch daring attempts: had ſhe proceeded three miles further, I ſhould have reſcued her; but Mr. Ponſonby intercepted my promiſed happineſs, and received thoſe thanks, thoſe grateful acknowledgments I had anticipated for myſelf. Fearful of injuring her character or wounding her delicacy, by detaining her one night from her own home, I had ordered horſes to be kept in readineſs to convey her back to Conolly Park without delay; *that* Richard knows; I told him my whole deſign: if it was himſelf who informed you that I bribed him to betray Miſs Conolly into the hands of ruffians, he could alſo have informed you how very ſoon I meant to deliver her from them: but I execrated him ſeverely for endangering her

life in ſuch a vile chaiſe, and truſting her to cowards who were unable to guard her for me, that he readily let himſelf be ſtimulated by the reward offered at Roſe-Mount to revenge himſelf on me: mean wretch that I was, to put myſelf into the power of ſuch a vile mercenary. This little narrative will, for you cannot doubt my veracity, clear my conduct from the worſt conſtruction; I have been faulty and fooliſh, not *criminal*, even in *thought*. The man whoſe ſole wiſh was to *live* for Miſs Conolly, is ready to ſacrifice his life to atone for what his folly made her ſuffer: the ſatisfaction you demand is juſt.

"Lord Claranbridge is the only perſon whom I ſhould chuſe for a ſecond; and as, in *this caſe*, he is the moſt improper, I ſhall ride *alone* to the wood a mile ſouth of the Caſtle, at five to-morrow morning with my piſtols;

piſtols; where I had much rather meet the Duke De Rouſillon as a friend than an enemy; conſcious that neither my making the above confeſſion, nor my moſt earneſt wiſhes to avoid a duel with the beloved nephew of Lord and Lady Claranbridge, can attach the appellation of coward to

DENNIS MALONE."

Villiers knew they could not; Ireland never produced a braver man; Lord Claranbridge had led him a youthful hero to the field, and ſaw with pride the laurel bloom early on the brow of his brave elêve.

To deprive his country of ſo valuable an officer, or his uncle of ſo great a favourite, had given ſome compunction to the ſoul of De Rouſillon; yet the man who had acted ſo baſely by Miſs Conolly deſerved

chaſtiſement, and vengeance belonged to no one but himſelf.

The conceſſion Sir Dennis had made by an avowal of his fault, was more than could have been expected from ſo proud a man; and evinced how very prone human nature is to error, when it could find a place in a mind ſo replete with candour and unſullied bravery. De Rouſillon heſitated no longer; he forgave the man, though he ſtill deſpiſed the folly; and wondered not that his uncle ſhould be partial to a character in which the good qualities more than compenſated for the bad. He read the letter a ſecond time, and ſtill found ſuch ſincerity and candour in every ſentiment it contained, that he could not doubt the veracity of the writer, and bluſhed to think that a want of ſincerity and confi-

dence

dence on his own ſide, had nearly been the cauſe of death to one, and miſery to the other: he was pleaſed with the hope, that it was not yet too late to repair *his* error by accepting the proffered friendſhip of his generous rival, to whom he wrote as follows:—

"Sir,

"It requires much more true magnanimity of ſoul to acknowledge an error than it does to draw a trigger; the open and candid confeſſion you have made, renders all further ſatisfaction needleſs. I am eager to meet Sir Dennis Malone as a friend, *this* inſtead of to-morrow morning, to thank him for ſo generouſly putting into my power to terminate amicably an event raſhneſs would have hurried to the moſt fatal extreme.

"I

" I can give ſuch reaſons for the ſecrecy you juſtly complain of, that I flatter myſelf you will ceaſe to accuſe of unneceſſary reſerve either Miſs Conolly or De Rouſillon."

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

A FRIENDLY RENCOUNTER.

WHEN Villiers had diſpatched his note to the Baronet, he haſtened to the weſtern garden according to his appointment with Miſs Conolly; but that lady having been kept awake by uneaſy thoughts till day-light, was not yet ſtirring. After looking for her in vain, he was returning to the houſe, when he met Sir Dennis; they each held out a hand; and Villiers, with-

out

out diſguiſe, made him the confidant of his early regard for Louiſa, and of his preſent embarraſſment.

Sir Dennis replied—" Whenever, my Lord, you wiſh your uncle to be made acquainted with the real ſtate of your mind, permit me to mention it to Lord Claranbridge; it is a delicate affair, and will be better communicated by a friend than yourſelf; will you allow me the honour of being that friend?"

" You will do me the greateſt kindneſs; you know my uncle's diſpoſition better than I do; you have been more with him."

" You will have time to conſider, my Lord; your happineſs and Miſs Conolly's depend upon the ſucceſs of my negociation; adviſe with her and Lady Philippine; *they* perhaps will tremble at my temerity in

aſking

aſking ſo great a proof of your confidence; let them ſee my letter to you; and aſſure Miſs Conolly that on my *honour* ſhe has nothing to fear: ſhew me to her, as *I am* aſhamed of what I *was*.

"Since that deteſtable plan, I have ſuffered mortifications that I hope, even in the opinion of the injured Louiſa, have in ſome degree expiated my fault, diſappointment, jealouſy, and remorſe. When ſhe deſcribed the infernal hovel, and the wretches who confined her in it, how I execrated the vile Richard for deceiving me: he called thoſe brutes worthy honeſt people, who would treat her with reſpect: her ſufferings *there*, the breaking down of the chaiſe, her terror from the apprehenſion of a purſuit, and her illneſs at Mr. Freeman's, all drove me to diſtraction: you know not, my Lord, what I have felt; drinking ſaved me, I believe, from

from committing ſuicide: the ſtupefaction it cauſed, lulled my ſenſes to a calm; and the good Doctor Delany ſoothed me into peace. I could not take courage to renew my addreſſes ſeriouſly ſince Miſs Conolly's return; and now your prior claim annihilates them for ever."

"I can only wiſh you happy, Sir Dennis, with a lady every way as amiable as my Louiſa; may you never throw away your affections again on an engaged heart."

"Faith it ſhall be the firſt queſtion I aſk for the future. But I am a moſt unfortunate dog; I married an angel near ſeven years ago; and heaven, thinking her too good for me and the world, took her to itſelf juſt as ſhe bleſt me with the name of father: my child did not long ſurvive her; I loſt them both."

"I

"I never heard that you were married."

"Deprived of my treaſures, I found every place a deſert, till the gentle manners of Miſs Conolly caught my attention, and the world ſeemed again to have ſomething worth living for; my native gaiety returned; and, as I knew many ladies have a diſlike to marry a widower, I deſired Lord and Lady Claranbridge to keep my former marriage a ſecret from Miſs Conolly till I had gained her affections too firmly for that to ſhake them; now it is of no conſequence. Some time or other you ſhall hear my matrimonial hiſtory; it is ſhort and melancholy; you will pity me; it is a ſubject I can ſcarce bear to think of."

"The part I have already heard, Sir Dennis, has awakened all my ſympathy; I moſt ſincerely feel for your diſtreſs, and do not wiſh you to renew it to gratify my curioſity.

curioſity. I ſhall think myſelf honoured, my dear ſir, in ſtanding near Lord Claranbridge in your eſteem and confidence."

Sir Dennis bowed with a complaiſant but painful ſmile: he had brought to his memory paſt afflictions to divert his thoughts from the preſent; he felt them both too intenſely; the fortitude of the ſoldier and the philoſophy of the man was ſhaken;—he retired in ſilence.

Villiers looked after him, and wondered how he ever could think Sir Dennis Malone proud and vain. He then met Louiſa, whom he ſaw in the next walk, and informed her of all that had paſſed previous to the letters. While ſhe was reading the copy of his *firſt*, her trepidation was ſo great, that ſhe ſcarce knew the ſenſe of what ſhe read; and he was forced to aſſure her, that the whole affair was amicably ſettled, to enable her

her to peruſe the anſwer of Sir Dennis with the attention it deſerved. When ſhe had finiſhed them all, with her hands claſped, and her eyes gliſtening through tears, ſhe exclaimed,

"Gracious Heaven! how fervently I thank you for giving Sir Dennis a ſoul ſo reaſonable and candid; if he had been raſh like you, my Villiers, what ſhould I have done? to have ſeen you brought home murdered,—or to have had you an exiled murderer on my account, wandering far, far from all but *me*: I would have been exiled too; the friends who will not let me ſhare your exalted ſtate, would *let* me ſoothe your misery: but Sir Dennis, oh, bleſs him! bleſs him! has preſerved my Villiers,—has preſerved the poor Louiſa too from diſtraction: but are you ſure it will end ſo happily? are you *indeed friends?*"

"Perfectly, *perfectly* ſo, my too apprehenſive trembler;—did you not ſee us together?

"I did; but yet I could not hear what you ſaid."

"Then liſten calmly, and I will tell you, my love."

"I ſee your ſiſter and Lady Emily coming; will you not let them ſee theſe letters, and know the whole affair?"

"Sir Dennis only mentioned my ſiſter and yourſelf; yet Lady Emily, from whom he ſtole you, ought not to be excluded."

"If he wiſhes, as I ſuppoſe he does, the tranſaction to remain a ſecret, he may confide in Lady Emily, who is too ſenſible to be loquacious."

When they met the ladies, Villiers told them that he had an intereſting circumſtance

ſtance to communicate to them. Lady Philippine ſaid that breakfaſt was juſt going in, and they had come to fetch Miſs Connolly and him; but as ſoon as that was ended, they would meet in her dreſſing-room, where they ſhould be uninterrupted.

CHAP. XXIV.

A MONODY.

AFTER breakfaſt, Lord Claranbridge ſaid,

"I requeſt that you will all meet me in the pavilion on the lawn in the eaſtern garden; we have a ſolemn ceremony to perform this morning: I ſhall expect you in an hour; you will find in your reſpective dreſſing-rooms what is neceſſary for the occaſion."

They

They aſſembled at the appointed time in the pavilion, the ladies in clear muſlin robes with veils of the ſame drawn lightly through wreaths of cypreſs to prevent them from falling over their faces; the gentlemen were in white ſurplices, with wreaths alſo of cypreſs.

A full band with kettle drums played a dead march. De Rouſillon and Philippine went firſt, Lord and Lady Claranbridge next; the reſt followed in couples holding ever-greens, taſtefully intertwined, between them.

They entered a wilderneſs of lofty and ſcarce trees, ſome of which had been cut away to form an amphitheatre for an elegant temple; the cupola, white marble, is ſupported by columns of the ſame over a beautiful monument.

On a black pedeſtal, at the right ſide of a large Roman urn, ſtands a fine figure of Clio, juſt touching her lips with a golden trumpet, while her eyes bend mournfully on a ſcroll ſhe has hung over the urn, on which the titles of the Duke and Ducheſs De Rouſillon, with the uſual dates, are written. Gallia ſtands by the right ſide of the pedeſtal, on which ſhe leans, holding a medallion of the Duke; a plain mantle half covers her face as ſhe turns it from the portrait, but, falling off on the right ſide, diſcovers a civic circlet, the leaves not fully blown; her robe ornamented with fleurs-de-lis, and a regal crown, *broken*, lies under her feet. By the left ſide of the pedeſtal ſtands Hibernia, whoſe right hand, croſſing Gallia's left, holds a medallion of the Ducheſs, her palm in the ſame hand, reaching over the ring of the Duke's; with her other hand

ſhe

ſhe ſupports her head. Under the medallions, in baſſo-relievo of white marble highly finiſhed, is a repreſentation of the Duke's death; he is ſupported by his wounded ſon amidſt a crowd of men armed with pikes, whom his brave ſervant, Claude Rondelle, is endeavouring to keep off; his ſword is broken, and his eyes fixed on his diſtreſſed maſter. While they were examining the monument, the muſic played a ſolemn overture; after which a monody was ſung by Mr. Ponſonby in the moſt pathetic and expreſſive manner, while Villiers and his ſiſter, Lord and Lady Claranbridge, hung their wreaths about the monument, bedewing them with the tears of affection.

THE MONODY.

Clio her tuneful trumpet ſounds,
She bids you mark the tale of woe,
As on the monumental urn
The record hangs unfurling ſlow.

Emma, Hibernia's faireſt boaſt,
In beauty's full meridian died!
And Philip cruel Faction ſlew,
Who once was Gallia's nobleſt pride.

The circlet peerleſs merit won,
Unſullied grac'd his honour'd head;
Whoſe offspring by parental care,
To Virtue's humble cot were led.

There, by example early taught,
They knew to pity and redreſs;
To make their wealth like ſtreamlets flow,
And every vale with plenty bleſs.

They knew that to a ſelfiſh fool
Treaſures are uſeleſs, titles vain;
That vice and pride, howe'er adorn'd,
The honeſt vaſſal will diſdain.

The

The precepts of his martyr'd ſire
On Villiers' heart are deep impreſs'd;
And thine, angelic mother, lives
Unblemiſh'd in thy daughter's breaſt.

Theſe ſolemn rites ſhall mark the time
When Emma's ſoul from earth withdrew;—
When Philip's left its mangl'd clay,
And to her hov'ring ſpirit flew.

Fraternal love on this ſad day
With garlands ſhall their urn entwine;
And filial duty drop a tear,—
Pure incenſe on the ſacred ſhrine.

The repreſentation of the Duke's death ſeemed to have renewed the grief their hearts had experienced at the firſt account; and the tears they could not reſtrain, created a melancholy ſympathy even in thoſe who had

never ſeen the amiable pair whoſe deaths they lamented.

The Ducheſs died in her thirty-ſixth year, on the 10th of Auguſt 1789, and the Duke was ſlain in the forty-fifth of his, on the ſame day, in the year 1793.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

AN AFFECTIONATE COMMEMORATION.

WHEN they approached the pavilion they were welcomed by the moſt enlivening airs, and found chocolate and other refreſhments ready for them. Lord Claranbridge, who had not entered the pavilion with them, preſently came in, followed by two ſervants richly laden with chaplets and garlands of the moſt beautiful flowers; and the muſic, that had ceaſed for ſome time, played a delight-

ful ſymphony previous to the following words:—

CHORUS.

Come away, come away, there's more to be done;
The parents you weep for ſurvive in the ſon.

AIR.

Ponſonby.

The ſublunar honours their ſouls are above,
Muſt all be transferr'd to the child of their love;
In whoſe wounds they pour'd balm with inviſible hand,
Whom, by heaven's decree, they bore ſafe to this land:
Supported by them, he lay light on the wave,
And they now hover o'er him, ſtill watchful to ſave.

CHORUS.

Serene they look down upon all that is done;
And the daughter will bleſs as ſhe honours the ſon.

AIR.

The leaf-ſhelter'd lily, the hyacinth blue,
The ſpicy carnation with varied hue,
The bloſſoming myrtle, the moſs-cover'd roſe,

Starry

Starry jeſſamine and lilac, their ſweetneſs diſcloſe;
Then throw theſe ſad garlands of cypreſs away,
And theſe for De Rouſillon take while they're gay.

CHORUS.

While they're gay let the rites of affection be done,
Nor fade for the parents what blooms for the ſon.

The grandeur of the choruſſes, and the expreſſion that Mr. Ponſonby gave the words, made this little compoſition ſeem more than mortal. Lady Philippine, obedient to the requeſt it contained, aroſe immediately, and ſelecting from the flowery treaſure, a chaplet more beautiful than the reſt, placed it on her brother's head, and giving one to each of the party, their veils were thrown off with the cypreſs.

She then put Villiers between Lord and Lady Claranbridge, and quitting the pavi-

lion, led the way through another part of the wilderneſs till they came to a ſemi-circle of Accacias, from whoſe roots woodbines, jeſſamins and other odoriferous plants ſeemed to ſpring and twining around the boles, threw their flowers among the branches.

In this ſpot a canopy of white marble is ſupported by porphyry columns, and ornamented with a fringed drapery drawn up in the front by Fame, who ſtands on the top of the canopy holding the cords in her left hand, and her trumpet, which ſhe is in the act of blowing, in her right.

Beneath the canopy appears a pyramidical rock, decorated by nature with coral, ſhells, and ſea-weeds; ſeveral of the flat ſtones having been poliſhed, are beautifully variegated: the broad baſe on which it ſtands has this inſcription—"Part of the Rock on which Villiers Duke De Rouſillon was ſaved:"—

ſaved :"—the baſe is alſo ornamented with three baſſo relievos."

Againſt the ſide of the rock leans a maſt, part of the ſail and ſome cordage twiſted round it; on this maſt the date of De Rouſillon's preſervation, and his initials, cut with a pen-knife, are very conſpicuous.

Juſt above the baſe, on the front of the rock, ſits a child repreſenting the genius of Ireland, holding a medallion of De Rouſillon ſurrounded with a foliage of laurel: the genius regards the portrait with extreme delight, while his little fingers play upon the golden ſtrings of a ſmall harp that hangs on a branch of coral.

A light wreath of the trefoil adorns his curling hair; the plumage of his wings appear as if a breath would wave it; and his finely turned limbs are partially covered by a drapery that ſeems tranſparent.

They were all delighted with this perfect piece of ſculpture, in which Louiſa and Villiers found ſtriking reſemblance of little Carty. Philippine enjoyed their ſurpriſe and ſaid,

"See the impartiality of nature; we were forced to borrow the child of a peaſant for the repreſentative of an angel, and Ireland could never boaſt a more beautiful genius; they took a model of him, and little Carty O'Donnel will be the moſt faſhionable angel for ages to come; it was the only way we could introduce the dear fellow; and, next to the maſt and the rock, *he* deſerved a conſpicuous place for being your friendly guide to the roof of hoſpitality. Oh, Nature! bountiful Nature! what diſintereſted hearts, what gentle manners and warm affections, are to be found in a cottage!"

The

The tears rolled down her cheeks, and Villiers haſtily catching her hand, replied,

"And in palaces too ſometimes, or Lady Philippine would not have made that ſpeech; nor ſhould I with grateful heart be examining this noble proof of diſintereſted affection. But I ſee there are three tablets on the baſe.

"Ah! this is the faithful Le Blanc. See, Louiſa, he has found me among the ſlain; he is feeling my pulſe; it beats, and the good old man is happy;—this tablet can ſay no more: he carried me to a little cart, into which he put me, and covering me with ſtraw, conveyed me ſafely to his cottage, where, changing my own clothes for one of his coarſe ſhirts, he made me paſs for a relation of his; and leaving me to the care of a ſurgeon and his excellent wife, he returned once more to ſeek my father, whom he found

found lifeleſs; and taking his body, and that of a young man who lay near him, openly aſked and obtained permiſſion to bury the Duke De Rouſillon and his ſon in the family vault; and my ſuppoſed interment ſaved my life.

"*This* repreſents the ſtorm paſſing away; there, at a diſtance, float the fragments of the ſhattered veſſel; and here, quite exhauſted, I recline on the rock, looking up with gratitude to heaven for my preſervation.

"In front is the grotto; myſelf, like an humble peaſant of Gaſcony, embracing the knees of my dear uncle: Philippine has juſt thrown herſelf at my ſide, exclaiming—"It is my brother!" My aunt too, is fondly holding out her hand, and almoſt fainting with ſurpriſe on the boſom of my uncle. Intereſting ſcene! how will it ever recal to

my

my grateful mind the affection of theſe dear relatives."

He fervently kiſſed their hands: and the hearts that were ſo lately depreſſed with ſorrow, now felt very different ſenſations; yet ſtill they were ſuch as tears only could expreſs.

Louiſa buſied herſelf in a cloſe examination of the tablets, that her emotion might not be perceived.

The ſong compoſed for the firſt concert was ſung while they were hanging their garlands on the rock, and twining them around the maſt; the chorus of "He lives," &c. &c. was repeated till they entered the caſtle.

"One would think, my Lord," ſaid Villiers, "that you had employed ſupernatural agents, theſe monuments are completed with ſuch expedition."

"Many

"Many hands well paid can do wonders: the monument that you ſaw firſt was finiſhed, all to the inſcription and baſſo relievo, when you arrived, and was deſigned to commemorate *your* death as well as that of your parents;—thank heaven it does *not*."

"And is it the real maſt, and part of the very rock by which the Duke ſaved himſelf, my Lord?"

"Yes, Louiſa. When Villiers was a little recovered from his fatigue, we went to O'Donnel's, who was our guide to the ſpot: the maſt lay where he had left it; we brought it to O'Donnel's; and I gave immediate orders to have a part of the rock hewn out for the purpoſe you have ſeen: its carriage by ſea was ſhort and eaſy, and many expert workmen have completed the whole

whole in a very neat and expeditious manner. The ſculptor went to take the model of Carty; and I am glad you think he has done juſtice to the original, whom I have promiſed to take care of: indeed I intend to patronize the whole family for their kindneſs to my Villiers."

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVI.

AN INTERESTING CHILD.

WHEN Lady Philippine went to dreſs, ſhe found Cecile Latour in tears; and taking her hand, affectionately ſhe ſaid,

"My dear Cecile, I never ſee you happy: but why are you ſo remarkably ſad to-day?"

"Ah! my dear Lady, I have ſeen the monument; you have given my poor Claude a place on it; he will be remembered with regard; but he will never behold the ho-

nour

nour you have done him; his broken ſword could not defend him; he muſt have fallen a ſacrifice to the pikes that were pointed at him."

"We do not know that; my brother appears in a much more dangerous ſituation than Rondelle, and yet he is reſtored to us; ſo do not deſpair."

Cecile caſt her tearful eyes to heaven, unable to articulate her hopeleſs petition that Claude might be reſtored alſo.

Lady Philippine, whoſe good nature ever impelled her to ſoothe the unhappy, ſaid every thing that ſhe thought would be moſt likely to conſole and amuſe Cecile; and by the time ſhe was dreſſed, ſhe had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing that her kind endeavours were not thrown away; for Mademoiſelle Latour had by nature as great a flow of ſpirits as her lady; and as they could not

long

long be clouded, Philippine often found her converſation lively and entertaining, as well as ſenſible and affectionate.

After dinner the Earl propoſed an aquatic excurſion; which being perfectly agreeable to the whole party, Lady Philippine ſaid,

"As the weather is very warm, we had better ſit in the grottos and play at cheſs, tric-trac, or back-gammon, till the barges are ready. Lead the way, Sir Dennis, through the weſtern hall; we ſhall be leſs incommoded by the ſun."

The Baronet offered his hand to Louiſa, who for the *firſt* time accepted it with pleaſure.

Juſt as they reached the hall, a violent ſcreaming in a child's voice alarmed them greatly; and on entering it, they ſaw a boy about ſix years of age crying and looking around him in great terror; when he ſaw them,

them, he flew to Sir Dennis, fell on his knees, and claſping his little hands, ſobbed inarticulately,

"Oh, ſave me! ſave me! do not let thoſe frightful black men kill me!"

He pointed to the armed knights with one hand, while he held Sir Dennis faſt by the leg with the other; his beſeeching look and ſtreaming eyes ſo affected the Baronet, that, taking him in his arms, he fondly preſſed him to his boſom, and aſſured him, that he would protect and love him. Lady Philippine coming in with the reſt of the party, ſaid,

"Who have you got there, Sir Dennis?"

"A good gentleman, madam, who will love me, and not let the black men hurt me: pray don't take me away from him."

"I will not, my dear little fellow: but who is he? where did you find him, Sir Dennis?"

"I

"I found him here, madam, but I cannot tell you who he is, only that he is very good to me."

"Why, you little rogue, I ſpoke to this gentleman, not to you; you are not Sir Dennis?"

"Mamma ſays I am; and Madelaine calls me Sir Dennis, and ſo does Madame La Marcheſe and Ma'ſelle; Dennis never *never* tells a lie."

"I believe you, my dear little name-ſake; you ſhall be Sir Dennis if you inſiſt upon it; but you muſt give me leave to be called ſo too."

"So I will, becauſe you are ſo very good to me; they ſhall call you great Sir Dennis, and me little Sir Dennis; and we will always love one another, ſhall we?"

"Yes, my charming boy."

"Oh,

"Oh, then mamma, and Madelaine and poor little Dennis, who has got no *live* papa, will come and live with you, and you will take care of us all, will you, Sir?"

"A very excellent bargain upon my word; what will you do? Take the whole family," ſaid Lady Philippine, laughing heartily.

Inſtead of replying to her Ladyſhip, he aſked the child eagerly,

"My engaging little creature, to whom do you belong?"

"To my mamma."

"Who is ſhe? where is ſhe?"

"In the ſhip."

"What is her name?"

"Mamma."

"You call her mamma, my love; but what do the ladies whom you mention call her? they do not ſay mamma?"

"Yes they do; they call her my mamma, and ſo does Madelaine; they ſay, go to your mamma, Sir Dennis; your mamma wants you; and then I run to her and love her, and wipe the tears away from her pretty eyes, and kiſs her, and tell her not to cry."

"Why does ſhe cry, my ſweet boy? do you know?"

"Yes, ſir; becauſe the ſhip was bringing us to papa's country; but not to poor papa, he is *dead*, and we cannot ſee him till we are dead ourſelves; then we ſhall go to heaven, mamma ſays, and find him *there:* but I do not like to die, I had rather ſtay here and find you for a papa."

"Tell me, my darling little creature, how you came to be alone in this hall?"

"Oh, dear, I ran here to call ſomebody to come and help my poor Lontrelle to take up the dead woman; and when I came in

in here, I was ſo frighted that I quite forgot."

"Somebody is drowned perhaps; let us go and ſee," ſaid Lady Philippine very much terrified.

"Stop, ſiſter; if there is, the ſight will be too ſhocking for ladies to behold."

"Oh! yes indeed, ſir; it is very ſhocking to ſee her lie upon the ground with ſuch a white face."

"Leave the child with us," ſaid Lady Claranbridge, "while you go; if female aſſiſtance is wanting, bring us word, and we will attend immediately; leave the child, Sir Dennis."

He was going to put him down; but the little fellow clung faſt around his neck, ſaying in an agony,

"Oh! no, no, no,—do not leave me; I had rather ſee the dead woman, than ſtay *here* without you; I will kiſs you, indeed I will all the way, if you will take me with you."

The Baronet could not reſiſt ſuch earneſt entreaties; he was forced to follow with his intereſting little charge in his arms.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVII.

A SURPRISE.

WHEN Sir Dennis had croſſed the draw-bridge, the child cried out,

"There, there ſhe is alive; ſhe is come to life again, Sir."

Nor had the ſurpriſe of Villiers been leſs than the child's when he met Cecile leaning on the arm of Claude Rondelle, whoſe name little Dennis could not pronounce properly."

Claude, at the ſight of his Lord, whom he had not been told was living, dropped on his knees, croſſed himſelf, claſped his hands, and ſhewed every ſign of joyful aſtoniſhment. Villiers held out his hand, ſaying,

"My valuable faithful Rondelle, we meet once more; we have both eſcaped the dangers that ſurrounded us the laſt fatal day we ſaw each other."

Rondelle kiſſed the hand that was offered him, and at laſt ejaculated.

"Thank heaven you live, my maſter!—my dear Lord you *live*,—and Claude will again be happy at Roſe-Mount Caſtle; and the Duke your father—"

"*He*, my good friend, was unfortunately ſlain; myſelf ſaved by——but you ſhall hear all another time. Cecile, I congratulate you on this happy meeting."

"Oh,

"Oh, my Lord! I was walking in the garden, and when I ſaw Claude come out of the boat and advance towards me, I thought my imagination had conjured up his likeneſs, and the ſurpriſe and terror deprived me of my ſenſes;—I fell to the ground!"

"And I, in my fright, ſent a young gentleman whom I had with me to the Caſtle for help, and am uneaſy about him; have you ſeen him, my Lord?"

"He is very ſafe; here he is," ſaid Villiers, pointing to him, ſtill in the arms of Sir Dennis.

"Yes, here I am, Lontrelle; I only waited till you had finiſhed ſaying your prayers to this gentleman; I would not ſpeak and interrupt you, becauſe it would have been wicked you know. I am glad the dead woman is alive again; you did not like to

if I cannot make time ſtand ſtill with me while it runs on with him; for then, notwithſtanding my averſion to matrimony, I *think* he might perſuade me to wear the chain once more; for he will moſt aſſuredly be irreſiſtibly handſome, and poſſeſs all that enchanting variety which is the ſoul of life."

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

AN AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

DE Rouſillon entered with Dennis in tears, and the alarmed mother exclaimed,

"My dear child, what diſtreſſes you?

"This gentleman would not let him come with me; and he wanted to come to ſee you, mamma."

He ſobbed upon his mother's boſom.

"Compoſe yourſelf, my darling; why are you ſo attached to a ſtranger?"

"He is not a ſtranger; he is my own papa; and now he will go back to heaven without me, and may be I ſhall never find him any more."

"My *dear Dennis* are you well? recollect yourſelf, my love:—has he been ſleeping, my Lord?"

"No, indeed, mamma; I have only been to heaven, and found my own live, pretty, good papa; and he loves me ſo dearly,—and he loves you too, mamma, and he will not let you cry any more.—Oh, and he has ſent you all theſe kiſſes,—let me give them to you."

"Hold, Dennis," ſaid Lady Malone, ſtarting up and putting him away from her; "hold, my child,—not even from your ſweet lips will I accept them: who, who, my Lord, has taught him to inſult his unhappy mother?"

She

She wept; Dennis looked frightened, and Villiers hesitated, not daring to answer her question as he wished: the Marchioness relieved him by saying,

"Dear Lady Malone, you take this affair too seriously; some gentleman has been joking with Sir Dennis, without having, I am sure, the least intention of offending the delicacy of his mother."

"The subject is too serious to be made a joke of, my dear lady; the memory of a dead father should be ever sacred to his child."

"But I have found him, indeed, indeed I have, this very *own* papa; will you not love him? my fine, great, tall, papa, who will speak to you; will you love the poor little dead one best? I am sure *I* will not; and your little picture lives in his bosom;

he kiſſed it, and ſhewed me my own letters upon it, D. C. M.; he talked to it, and called it his dear Clara!"

"Gracious heaven! what do I hear!—have *I*, has my *child*, our proper ſenſes? what means thy ſtrange, *ſtrange* talk, my Dennis?—ſo connected, yet ſo impoſſible!"

"Not impoſſible, my dear lady;—we heard that our nephew was dead, and mourned for him, yet there he ſtands alive and well: tell me, what *proof* have you had of the death of Sir Dennis Malone?"

"Can your Ladyſhip aſk me that queſtion, when you know I received the fatal account from Lord Claranbridge; the letter, the dreadful letter, was incloſed to my brother."

"Never, on my ſoul, did Lord Claranbridge write ſo great a falſity; but from

from that brother Sir Dennis received the afflicting news that Lady Malone expired in giving birth to a ſon who only ſurvived his mother a few hours, and that he had buried them both in the family vault by her mother, which he hoped Sir Dennis would have no objection to: he expreſſed great ſorrow for your death."

Dennis cried, "oh, my mamma is dead!" —ſhe fainted.

When they recovered her, ſhe was confuſed for ſome time; but the ecſtaſy of Dennis was ſo lively and endearing when he ſaw her move and heard her ſpeak, that it awakened all the mother in her ſoul; and, claſping him to her boſom, ſhe ained ſilent for a few minutes, the rolling faſt down her cheeks: the was ſacred; every body feared to

diſturb it: at length, turning to Lady Claranbridge, ſhe ſaid,

"I have recollected what your Ladyſhip told me; my brother wrote Sir Dennis word that myſelf and infant were dead; and did he alſo forge the letters from Lord Claranbridge?

"He certainly did."

"Unhappy, *cruel* brother!—is then—Oh! fear not to tell me, is my huſband living?

"He is; his child has told you the truth."

"Yes; and it was *his* kiſſes that you ſo proudly diſdained to accept from the lips of his ſon:—come, Dennis, and give them to me; mamma has refuſed them."

Lady Malone did not attend to the lively Marchioneſs; her grateful heart poured forth in ſilence the moſt fervent thanks

to

to heaven: then gazing with tranſport at the child, exclaimed,

"You have a father, my Dennis!—I ſhall ſee you in his arms;—I ſhall fold mine around you both: he has ſeen you, and loves you, my darling: what did he ſay to you?—how did you know him?—Forgive me, ladies, and you my Lords De Rouſillon and Belair,— this is ſad egotiſm.—Is there no little corner where I can ſit and indulge myſelf with aſking a thouſand queſtions that will relieve my mind, and prepare me to meet my huſband with ſome degree of fortitude?"

"We will have no ſecreſy indeed; aſk all your queſtions, and let us hear my little Dennis anſwer them; if you go away, we ſhall talk of the ſame ſubject, and puzzle ourſelves with hows? and whens? and the ſtrange and the wonderful; ſo, in the name of all the lords and ladies, miſſes and

maſters in company, for I ſee they agree with me, favour us with the pretty dialogue."

The barges ſtopped, and diſappointed the Marchioneſs of her entertainment. Lady Philippine ſaid,

"Pray, my dear brother, go firſt; and when the party are ſeated ſafe in the houſe, come back quietly with the Delanys, Ponſonby, or ſome calm ſedate perſonages, who will hand us out ſteadily, and not flutter us into the ſea;—it is not uncommon, you know, when people are ſurpriſed at ſeeing each other, for them to miſtake water for land, and walk into it."

Villiers ſmiled, Louiſa bluſhed, and the Marchioneſs looked archly comprehenſive.

Miſs Forteſcue ſtarted at the name of Ponſonby; and her brother obſerving it, drew her aſide, and whiſpered,

"Do you remember our friend Ponſonby, Eliza?"

"Ought I not to remember him, brother? do I not owe my exiſtence to him?"

"It was a common act of humanity, you over-rate it ſiſter."

"Is my life of ſo little value, that you have no gratitude to the preſerver of it? or have you (I almoſt dread to aſk) have you found him unworthy of your regard?"

"Do not be alarmed; I *love*, my ſiſter, I *love* Charles Ponſonby; I have had the happineſs of meeting him at Roſe-Mount Caſtle, honoured by the friendſhip of its noble owners; you will meet him here alſo, therefore be prepared: I *was* no ſtranger to your heart, Eliza, and I *think* you have brought it back impreſſed with the ſame ſentiments: rely, my ſiſter, on my delicacy

and affection; *your* happineſs is as *dear* to me as my *own.*"

Eliza, bluſhing, bowed her thanks.

Villiers returned with Lord Claranbridge and the Delanys; he had not forgotten, though his ſiſter had for the moment, what Lord Belair had told them of Miſs Forteſcue's partiality to Ponſonby, therefore thought *their* meeting had better be upon *terra firma.*

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

IN THE PRESS,

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